

The Spinster

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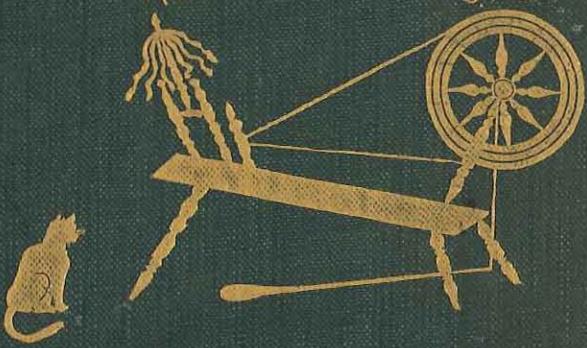
The Spinster. Roanoke, Va.: Stone Printing & Manufacturing Co., 1907

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THE SPINSTER

107

"WHERE SINGLENES IS BLISS,
'TIS FOLLY TO BE WIVES."





Kate Greenell
'07

The SPINSTER



*Where singleness is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wives*

EDITED BY
The Students of Hollins Institute
VIRGINIA
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVEN



Ross McQuire Satterfield

O our Beloved Comrade, a
loyal daughter of Hollins

And ours in peculiar posse-
sion: Since what we thought the wonderous
fair bud, God called the flower; and when we
said, a lovely life opens, God decreed it is fin-
ished on earth—the perfect round for Heaven.
Her Hollins record is the story of her life;
her college-mates are the friends of her life.
She is set in our love as she left us,—with
young eyes full of dreams, with thoughts as
merry as mountain brooks, with heart as pure
as woodland streams. ¶ And now as the
green of a spring, her eyes shall not behold,
softens the “distant dearness” of our hills,
and flowers bud again in places she walked,
and there is no spot at Hollins but breathes
some gracious thought of our friend, we make
this book and dedicate it to the memory of

Rose McGuire Satterfield

Rose

She has solved it, life's wonderful problem—
 The deepest, the strangest, the last,
 And into the school of the Angels
 With the answer, forever has passed.

How strange that in spite of our questionings
 She maketh no answer, nor tells
 Why so soon were life's honoring laurels
 Dispelled by God's immortelles.

How strange she should sleep so profoundly,
 So young, so unworn by the strife,
 While beside her, brimful of hope's nectar
 Untouched stood the goblet of life.

Men sleep like that when the evening
 Of a long weary day droppeth down,
 But she wrought so well that the morning
 Brought for her, the rest and the crown.

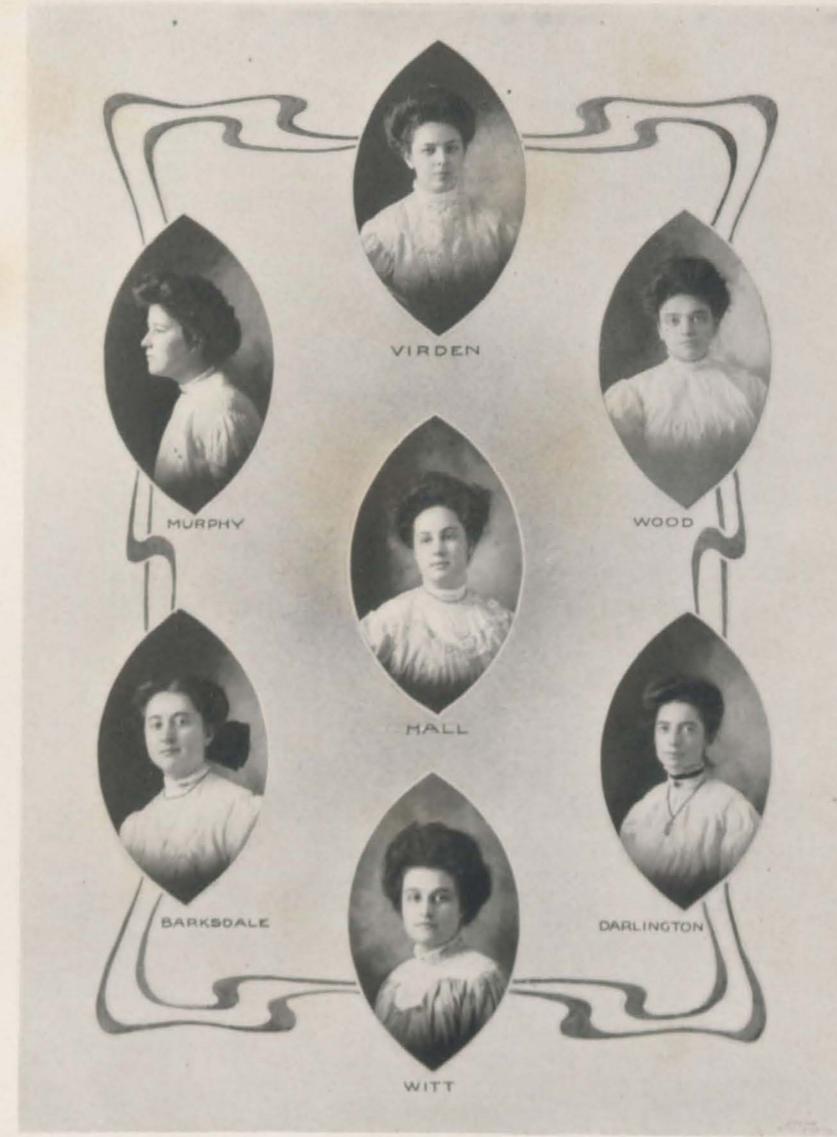
'Tis idle to talk of the future
 And rare "might have been" mid our tears,
 God knew all about it, yet took her
 Away from the on-coming years.

God knew all about it, how noble,
 How gentle she was, and how brave,
 How bright her possible future,
 Yet put her to sleep in the grave.

God knew all about those who love her,
 How bitter the trial must be,
 And right through it all
 God is loving—and knows so much better than we.

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SPINSTER STAFF

Officers of Government and Instruction

Session 1906-'07

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MISS W. M. SCOTT, Secretary to President <i>Bookkeeping, Stenography, Typewriting</i>	
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MISS E. P. CLEVELAND, A. B. <i>English, Mathematics</i>	MISS MARY M. PLEASANTS, A. B. <i>Latin, History</i>

Music, Art, Elocution

E. B. MICHAELIS <i>(Royal Conservatory Leipsic) Acting Director Piano, Violin, Chorus, Orchestra</i>	CARL HOFFMAN, Mus. D. <i>(New York) Organ, Piano, Harmony History of Music</i>
---	---

MISS CUTHBERT T. BUCKNER <i>Pupil of Madame Orgeni (Dresden) Voice Culture</i>

MRS. E. B. MICHAELIS <i>(New England Conservatory) Piano</i>	WILMAR R. SCHMIDT <i>(Royal Conservatory, Leipsic) Piano, Theory</i>
---	---

MISS CHRISTINE ISEMAN <i>(New England Conservatory) Piano, Theory</i>	MRS. CARL HOFFMAN <i>(Metropolitan College of Music, New York) Voice Culture</i>
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MISS LUCIE P. STONE <i>(New York and Paris) Drawing, Painting, Design, History of Art</i>	MISS MARY E. BECK <i>School of Expression (Curry) Expression, Gymnastics</i>
--	---

Domestic Department

MISS ELIZABETH KELLAM <i>Superintendent of Infirmary</i>	J. HOWARD BRADLEY <i>Steward</i>
---	-------------------------------------

MRS. R. J. CUTHBERTSON	
MRS. CHARLES H. COCKE	MRS. J. P. BARBEE

Roll of Students



NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
ELIZABETH ALBRIGHT.....	Wilmington, N. C.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euzelian; Cotillion Club; North Carolina Club; Prowler.			
MARTHA ALDERMAN.....	Alcolu, S. C.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; South Carolina Club.			
MOZELLE ALDERMAN.....	Alcolu, S. C.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; South Carolina Club.			
ALICE ALLEN.....	Indianapolis, Ind.....	Tinnyment.....	1
Striker.			
NELLIE ANDERSON.....	Clifton Forge, Va.....	Main.....	2
Euzelian.			
SUSIE ANDERSON.....	Clifton Forge, Va.....	Main.....	2
Euzelian.			
LUCY ANDERSON.....	Richmond, Va.....	Tinnyment.....	2
Euzelian; S. G.; Capitol Club.			
MARGARET APPERSON.....	Lynchburg, Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
K A; Hill City Club.			
ELIZABETH ARMISTEAD.....	Churchland, Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Φ M Γ.			
LAURA ARMITAGE.....	Richmond, Va.....	Main.....	3
Euzelian; P. Ph.; Captain Yemassee; Secretary of Euzelian, '07; Vice-President and Historian of A. C. Class; Capitol Club; Treasurer Y. W. C. A., 1906-07; Kodak Club.			
NAOMI ATWATER.....	Thomaston, Ga	Waldorf.....	1
Euzelian; X Σ; Secretary and Treasurer Georgia Club; Chapel Choir; ?.			
EDYTHE ATWOOD.....	Appomattox, Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Eueolian; Chapel Choir; Hill City Club.			
VIRGILIA ATWOOD.....	Appomattox, Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Eueolian; Chapel Choir; Hill City Club.			
EVY BAKER.....	Beverly, W. Va.....	Tinnyment.....	3
Euzelian; West Virginia Club.			
GLADYS BANKS.....	New Rochelle, N. Y.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euzelian; Δ T B; S. G.; Masker; Night-Hawk; Yemassee; Kodak Club.			
HELEN BARKSDALE.....	Houston, Va.....	Main.....	4
Euzelian; SPINSTER Staff; President Y. W. C. A., 1906-07; President A. C. Class; Treasurer Euzelian Society; Kodak Club.			
MARY BARKSDALE.....	Houston, Va.....	Main.....	4
Euzelian; President Y. W. C. A., 1904-05; Secretary and Treasurer Junior Class.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
ADA BELL.....	Atlanta, Ga.....	Main.....	1
	Euzelian; Georgia Club; Chapel Choir.		
MARIE BELL.....	Hill City, Tenn.....	Main.....	1
	Tennessee Club.		
ELIZABETH BENNET.....	Quitman, Ga.....	Tinnyment.....	1
	Euzelian; Georgia Club.		
JANIE BENNET.....	Hollins, Va.....	Home.....	1 *
LOUISE BLACK.....	Blacksburg, Va.....	Main.....	1
HILL BOWER.....	Hollins, Va.....	Home.....	1
MILDRED BRADFORD.....	Charleston, W. Va.....	Tinnyment.....	2
	Euzelian; $\Phi M \Gamma$; Secretary of Cotillion Club; Joker; President of West Virginia Club; Striker; Dramatic Club.		
GEORGIE BRISCOE.....	Richmond, Texas.....	Main.....	1
	Texas Club.		
SUSIE BRISCOE.....	Richmond, Texas.....	Main.....	1
	Texas Club.		
LUCY BROWN.....	Martinsville, Va.....	Main.....	1
	Chapel Choir.		
VIRGINIA BROWN.....	Scottsboro, Ala.....	Cottage.....	1
LA VERNE BRUCE.....	Louisville, Ky.....	Main.....	1
	Euzelian Society; Kentucky Club.		
CATHARINE BRYAN.....	Shanghai, China.....	Main.....	3
	Secretary Y. W. C. A., 1906-07.		
GRACE BRYAN.....	Lincoln, Neb.....	Waldorf.....	1
	Euzelian; $\Phi M \Gamma$; Night-Hawk.		
NELLE BURDETTE.....	Berea, Ky.....	1
	Kentucky Club.		
SOPHIA BURGIN.....	Lexington, Ky.....	Waldorf.....	3
	Kentucky Club; Mohican.		
CONSTANCE BURTIN.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Cottage.....	1
EMILY BURTON.....	Richmond, Va.....	Main.....	2
	Euzelian; S. G.; Capitol Club.		
OLINE BUTTS.....	Columbus, Ga.....	Tinnyment.....	1
	Euzelian; Vice-President Georgia Club.		
ELIZABETH CAFFERY.....	Lafayette, La.....	Waldorf.....	1
EDITH CALLAGHAN.....	Baltimore, Md.....	Main.....	2
	Chapel Choir.		
JENNIE CAMP.....	White Springs, Fla.....	Main.....	1
MARY CAMP.....	White Springs, Fla.....	Main.....	1
LETA CAMP.....	Ocala, Fla.....	Main.....	1
	$\Phi M \Gamma$; Masker.		
MAY CAMP.....	Franklin, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
	Eueolian.		
ANNA CAMPBELL.....	Blacksburg, Va.....	Waldorf.....	3
	Euzelian; <i>Quarterly Staff</i> ; Historian, Class '07; D. F. F.; Poet, Class '07.		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
NELL CARNEAL.....	Richmond, Va.....	Main.....	1
	Capitol Club.		
MARY CARNEAL.....	Richmond, Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
	Euzelian; Capitol Club.		
IONE CARNEY.....	Churchland, Va.....	Tinnyment.....	2
	Euzelian; $\Phi M \Gamma$; Joker; Yemassee; Striker.		
LOUISE CARPENTER.....	Clifton Forge, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
	Euzelian; $\Gamma O II$; Mohican; Light-Feet; Joker; L. S.; Kodak Club.		
ELLEN CATOGNI.....	Roanoke, Va.....	Waldorf.....	3
	Night-Hawk.		
MARGARET CHEWNING.....	Richmond, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
	Euzelian; A P; L. S.; Mohican; Joker; Glee Club; Light-Feet; Capitol Club.		
CHARLOTTE CLARKE.....	Lynchburg, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
	$\Delta T B$; L. S.; Night-Hawk; Hill City Club.		
LOUISE CLARKE.....	Richmond, Va.....	Tinnyment.....	3
	Eueopian; $\Gamma O II$; Masker; <i>Quarterly Staff</i> ; Piker; Light-Feet; Vice-President Capitol Club; Glee Club; Dramatic Club; Mohican.		
JUANITO CLIFTON.....	Tupelo, Miss.....	Waldorf.....	1
	Euzelian.		
JANIE COCKE.....	Roanoke, Va.....	Main.....	2
	A P; L. S.; Mohican; Joker; President Class '10; Kodak Club.		
MARGARET COCKE.....	Hollins, Va.....	Home.....	1
RUTH COGBURN.....	Edgefield, S. C.....	Main.....	2
	South Carolina Club.		
GENEVIEVE COLLINS.....	Pennsboro, W. Va.....	Tinnyment.....	2
	Euzelian; West Virginia Club.		
MAY COLLINS.....	Birmingham, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	4
	K. K. K.; T. A. R.; Editor-in-Chief <i>Quarterly</i> ; President Euzelian Open Meeting; Chairman Student Body; President Class '07; Alabama Club; Glee Club.		
MAE BELLE COSBY.....	Birmingham, Ala.....	Tinnyment.....	1
	$\Delta T B$; Alabama Club; Glee Club.		
GERTRUDE CROSSLAND.....	Indianapolis, Ind.....	Tinnyment.....	2
	Eueopian; $\Gamma O II$; Striker; Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Leader Mohican Rooters; Joker.		
LORA CRUMP.....	Richmond, Va.....	Waldorf.....	4
	Eueopian; $\Phi M \Gamma$; T. G.; Masker; Secretary and Treasurer Capitol Club; Treasurer A. C. Class; Night-Hawk; President Eueopian Final Meetin ; Glee Club.		
CLARINDA CRUPPER.....	Alexandria, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
	Euzelian.		
GLADYS CUMMINGS.....	Reidsville, N. C.....	Main.....	1
	North Carolina Club.		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
ELIZABETH CURTIS.....	Newport News, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian.			
ANNIE DARLINGTON.....	Washington, D. C.....	Main.....	2
Euzelian; P. Ph.; President Washington Club, Class '07; SPINSTER Staff; Glee Club.			
ELIZABETH DARLINGTON.....	Washington, D. C.....	Main.....	2
Euzelian; P. Ph.; Glee Club; Chapel Choir; Washington Club.			
DORA DAVIDSON.....	Montgomery, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	1
K. K. K.; Night-Hawk; Alabama Club; Euzelian.			
ELIZABETH DEARBORN.....	Birmingham, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euepian; A T B; Alabama Club; Exchange Editor of Quarterly; Light-Feet; Cotillion Club; Vice-President Euepian Final Evening.			
CLARE DENMAN.....	San Antonio, Texas.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euepian; X Σ; ?; Texas Club.			
ELLEN DICKERSON.....	Birmingham, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian; K. K. K.; Night-Hawk; Alabama Club.			
RUBY DICKERSON.....	Marion, Va.....	Main.....	2
Euepian; Secretary Y. W. C. A., 1907-08.			
ELIZABETH DOWNES.....	Baltimore, Md.....	Main.....	1
Euepian; F O H; Glee Club; Mohican; Joker.			
GLADYS DYER.....	El Paso, Texas.....	Main.....	1
Euepian; Texas Club.			
BARON DUNTON.....	Birds Nest, Va.....	Tinnyment.....	1
CLEO EDWARDS.....	Anderson, Ind.....	Main.....	1
Euepian.			
CORNELIA ELLIS.....	Shawsville, Va.....	Tinnyment.....	2
Yemassee; Vice-President Class '10; Glee Club.			
MARCA FIELD.....	Kansas City, Mo.....	Tinnyment.....	1
MYRTIE FELTON.....	Montezuma, Ga.....	Main.....	2
P. Ph.; President Georgia Club.			
EMILY FICKLIN.....	Kansas City, Mo.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian.			
RUTH FLANARY.....	Wise, Va.....	Tinnyment.....	2
TINA FONTAINE.....	Martinsville, Va.....	Main.....	2
Euzelian; Chapel Choir.			
MYRTLE FLOYD.....	Hollins, Va.....	Home.....	
CHARLIE FLOYD.....	Hollins, Va.....	Home.....	
CLARA ELLEN FORBES.....	Montgomery, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian; K. K. K.; Night-Hawk; T. G.; Yemassee; Alabama Club; * President Class '08; Kodak Club.			
EMMA FOWLES.....	Sunnyside, Va.....	Main.....	3
Euzelian.			
THEO FOWLES.....	Johnsonville, Tenn.....	Cottage.....	1

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
MARGUERITE FRANK.....	Dyersburg, Tenn.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euepian; X Σ; Vice-President Tennessee Club.			
LOUISE GERWIG.....	Wilkinsburg, Pa.....	Main.....	2
LEONE GIDDINGS.....	Evanston, Ill.....	Waldorf.....	1
VIRGINIA GILCHRIST.....	Wheeling, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Prowler; West Virginia Club.			
JULIA GRESHAM.....	Eulonia, S. C.....	Tinnyment.....	2
Euzelian; S. G.; South Carolina Club.			
MARY GRIGGS.....	Cedartown, Ga.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euzelian; P. Ph.; Yemassee; Prowler; Alabama Club.			
MABEL GRIGSBY.....	Washington, D. C.....	Tinnyment.....	1
Washington Club.			
MAY HALEY.....	Clifton Forge, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian.			
LOUISE HALL.....	Dyersburg, Tenn.....	Waldorf.....	3
Euepian; X Σ; Editor-in-Chief SPINSTER; Vice-President and Prophet of Class '07; President Tennessee Club; D. F. F.; Vice-President Euepian Lee Evening.			
BESSIE HARLAN.....	Martin, Texas.....	Main.....	1
Euepian; Texas Club.			
CONSTANCE HARLAN.....	Martin, Texas.....	Main.....	1
Euepian; Texas Club.			
ELSIE HARMON.....	Troutville, Va.....	Main.....	1
Euepian.			
WILLIE HARVEY.....	Radford, Va.....	Cottage.....	1
ELOISE HARRIS.....	Hollins, Va.....	Home.....	5
BONNIE HARSHBARGER.....	Hollins, Va.....	Home.....	
LENA HARSHBARGER.....	Hollins, Va.....	Home.....	
ROSE HAYWARD.....	New Orleans, La.....	Main.....	3
Euepian; A P; T. A. R.; Joker; Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Cotillion Club; Secretary Class '09; Piker.			
SULLY HAYWARD.....	New Orleans, La.....	Tinnyment.....	3
Euzelian; A P; Masker; Striker; Kodak Club.			
HELEN HENRITZE.....	Welch, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
Miners; West Virginia Club.			
BELL HYER.....	Wilmington, N. C.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euepian; North Carolina Club.			
CORBIN HOBBIE.....	Roanoke, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian; A T B; T. G.; Masker; Cotillion Club; D. F. F.; Light-Feet.			
ROSEBUD HOBSON.....	Paducah, Ky.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euepian; Kentucky Club; D—F. F.			
EDNA HOHENSTATT.....	Bridgeton, N. J.....	Cottage.....	1
X Σ.			
MARION HOLDINE.....	Roanoke, Va.....	Cottage.....	1

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
BESSIE HOLLAND.....	Suffolk, Va.....	Main.....	1
A P; Masker; L. S.			
NATALIE HOLMAN.....	Longdale, Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
PERKINS HORSLEY.....	Lynchburg, Va.....	Main.....	2
Hill City Club.			
WILLIE ANNIE HOUSTON.....	Cuero, Texas.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euepian; ?; Texas Club.			
PEARL HUDSON.....	Luray, Va.....	Waldorf.....	3
Euzelian; Class '07; Chapel Choir.			
PHOEBE HUNTER.....	Mont Clare, Pa.....	Main.....	1
Euepian; Φ M Γ; Joker; T. A. R.; Glee Club; Historian Class '09.			
GLADYS JENKINS.....	Bluefield, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euepian; West Virginia Club; Miners.			
MAY VIRGINIA JENKINS.....	Bluefield, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euepian; West Virginia Club; Miners.			
MAYME JENNINGS.....	Roanoke, Va.....	Tinnyment.....	2
K Δ; Mohican; Striker.			
BLANCHE JOHNSON.....	Kirkwood, Mo.....	Waldorf.....	1
CARY JOHNSON.....	Birmingham, Ala.....	Main.....	1
Mohican; Alabama Club.			
JUANITA JOHNSTON.....	Emet, Indian Territory.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euepian; Σ Σ Σ.			
GERTRUDE JOHNSTONE.....	Montgomery, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euzelian; Alabama Club K. K. K.; Night-Hawk; Dramatic Club; Kodak Club; Joker.			
CARRIE JONES.....	San Antonio, Texas.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euepian; ?; Texas Club.			
ANNA JONES.....	San Antonio, Texas.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euepian; Yemassee; ?; Texas Club.			
MARGARET KENDRICK.....	Richmond, Va.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; Capitol Club.			
INEZ KENDRICK.....	Richmond, Va.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; Capitol Club.			
HELEN KENLY.....	Wilmington, N. C.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; A P; Yemassee; North Carolina Club.			
LILLIAN KENLY.....	Wilmington, N. C.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; Δ T B; North Carolina Club.			
ELLEN KERSEY.....	Wilson, N. C.....	Main.....	1
Euepian; North Carolina Club.			
HELEN KENNEDY.....	Blackstone, Va.....	Main.....	2
JESSIE KING.....	Leaksville, N. C.....	Main.....	1
TRUXIE LACKLAND.....	Grove Hill, Ala.....	Main.....	3
S. G.; Alabama Club.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
JANIE LAWSON.....	South Boston, Va.....	Main.....	2
S. G.			
MARIE LAWSHEE.....	Wabash, Ind.....	Main.....	1
PAULINE LAWTON.....	Hartsville, S. C.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; South Carolina Club; Φ M Γ.			
HARRY LAYNE.....	Hollins, Va.....	Home.....	
GENEVA LAYNE.....	Hollins, Va.....	Home.....	
LENA LAYNE.....	Hollins, Va.....	Home.....	
MAE ELSIE LAZARUS.....	Lynchburg, Va.....	Hill City Club.	
ANNIE LEFTWICH.....	Dallas, Texas.....	Main.....	1
Texas Club.			
EDWINA LOCKETT.....	Winston-Salem, N. C.....	Main.....	1
Euepian; North Carolina Club.			
FLORENCE LOCKHART.....	Paris, Ky.....	Tinnyment.....	7
Secretary Euzelian, '06; Γ O II; Piker; President Kentucky Club; Mohican; Dramatic Club; Vice-President Athletic Association; Secretary and Poet A. C. Class; Glee Club.			
MARGARET LOCKWOOD.....	Chattanooga, Tenn.....	Main.....	1
Tennessee Club.			
FRANCIS LONGAN.....	Sedalia, Mo.....	Main.....	1
Euepian.			
LOULA LUCK.....	Houston, Va.....	Main.....	3
S. G.			
MAYSIE LYLES.....	Columbia, S. C.....	Waldorf.....	1
Φ M Γ; South Carolina Club.			
ANNA LYNCH.....	Washington, D. C.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian.			
MABEL McENTIRE.....	Kansas City, Mo.....	Tinnyment.....	1
EDITH McFALL.....	Charleston, S. C.....	Tinnyment.....	2
Euzelian; Φ M Γ; T. A. R.; Masker; Striker; Vice-President Cotillion Club; Dramatic Club; South Carolina Club.			
BURTON McLAUGHLIN.....	Hollins, Va.....	Home.....	
MABEL McLAUGHLIN.....	Hollins, Va.....	Home.....	
LILA MACDONALD.....	Columbus, Ohio.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian; Σ Σ Σ.			
BESSIE MAJOR.....	Anderson, S. C.....	Tinnyment.....	1
South Carolina Club.			
KATHLEEN MATHEWS.....	Clifton Forge, Va.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; Φ M.			
MARGUERITE MAYER.....	San Antonio, Texas.....	Waldorf.....	1
Texas Club.			
EULA MAXFIELD.....	Batesville, Ark.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; S. G.			

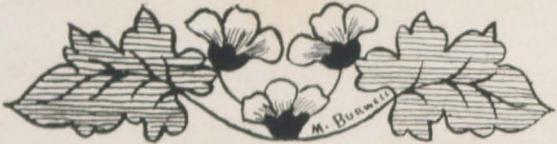
NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
NETTIE MAYNARD.....	Bastrop, Texas.....	Main.....	1
	Texas Club.		
MARY MILES.....	Marion, Va.....	Main.....	2
	Eueopian; Δ T B; T. A. R.; Treasurer Y. W. C. A., 1907-08; Kodak Club.		
	Masker.		
ROSALIE MILLER.....	Roanoke, Va.....	Tinnyment.....	1
	Euzelian.		
ELLIE MILLS.....	Sherman, Texas.....	Waldorf.....	1
	X Σ; Secretary and Treasurer Texas Club; ?.		
GRACE MITCHELL.....	Mt. Carmel, Ill.....	Tinnyment.....	1
	Euzelian.		
KATHRYN MOCKBEE.....	Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Main.....	1
	Euzelian; Δ T B; Chapel Choir.		
MARION MOIR.....	Winston, N. C.....	Main.....	1
	Eueopian; North Carolina Club.		
HALLIE MOORE.....	Lewisburg, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
	Eueopian; Φ M; Vice-President West Virginia Club; Prowler.		
HELEN MOORE.....	Vicksburg, Miss.....	Waldorf.....	1
	?		
LOUIE MOORE.....	War Eagle, W. Va.....	Main.....	1
	S. G.; Miners; West Virginia Club.		
GAY MONTAGUE.....	Richmond, Va.....	Main.....	2
	A P; Capitol Club.		
ELIZABETH MORGAN.....	Bristol, Va.....	Main.....	2
ELLEN LINN MOLTON.....	Birmingham, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	2
	Eueopian; Δ T B; Alabama Club; Light-Feet; Glee Club.		
LOUISE MURPHY.....	Dallas, Texas.....	Tinnyment.....	2
	Eueopian; Γ Ο Η; T. A. R.; President of Dramatic Club; Leader of Glee Club;		
	SPINSTER and Quarterly Staffs; President Cotillion Club; President		
	Texas Club; Striker; Secretary Eueopian Lee Evening.		
SARAH MUXEN.....	Chattanooga, Tenn.....	Waldorf.....	2
MARGARET LEE MYERS.....	Lynchburg, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
	Φ M; Hill City Club; Prowler; Euzelian; Kodak Club.		
JESSIE NIEMEYER.....	Memphis, Tenn.....	Main.....	1
LOUISE NICHOLS.....	Smithfield, Texas.....	Main.....	1
	Texas Club.		
JULIA NICOL.....	Manassas, Va.....	Main.....	1
	P. Ph.		
ETHEL NORTON.....	Birmingham, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	2
	Euzelian; K. K. K.; Yemassee; Alabama Club.		
THERESA NURNEY.....	Suffolk, Va.....	Main.....	1
	A P; T. A. R.; Masker; Cotillion Club; Mohican; Glee Club.		
LALLAGE OATES.....	Asheville, N. C.....	Waldorf.....	2
	Euzelian; K Δ; Joker; T. A. R.; President North Carolina Club; D. F. F.;		
	Kodak Club.		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
GERTRUDE OBERHOLTZER.....	Phoenixville, Pa.....	Main.....	1
	Eueopian; Α P.		
CORNELIA ORRICK.....	Hagerstown, Md.....	Waldorf.....	1
	Euzelian; Δ T B; Night-Hawk.		
GERALDINE OWEN.....	Kansas City, Mo.....	Waldorf.....	1
	Euzelian.		
ELIZABETH PAXTON.....	Independence, Mo.....	Waldorf.....	1
	Eueopian; Night-Hawk.		
MARY PEED.....	Mays Lick, Ky.....	Main.....	2
	Kentucky Club.		
LILLIAN PERRY.....	Roanoke, Va.....	Waldorf.....	4
	T. G.; Masker; Cotillion Club; Night-Hawk; Chapel Choir; Kodak Club.		
REBEKAH PHILLIPS.....	St. Louis, Mo.....	Tinnyment.....	3
	Euzelian; Γ Ο Η; T. A. R.; Piker; Captain Mohicans; Glee Club; Dramatic Club.		
NADINE PITMAN.....	Indianapolis, Ind.....	Main.....	1
CARRIE POOL.....	Newberry, S. C.....	Waldorf.....	3
	Euzelian; South Carolina Club; Prowler.		
REBECCA PORTER.....	Memphis, Tenn.....	Waldorf.....	1
	Euzelian; K Δ; D. F. F.; Crow; Secretary and Treasurer Class '10; Tennessee Club.		
KATHLEEN POUND.....	Chattanooga, Tenn.....	Main.....	1
	Tennessee Club.		
MARY POWERS.....	Moorman's River, Va.....	Main.....	1
LUCY PURYEAR.....	Orange, Va.....	Waldorf.....	4
	Euzelian; Class '07; Quarterly Staff.		
SELENE RADFORD.....	Forest, Va.....	Waldorf.....	3
	Euzelian; Secretary and Treasurer Class '07; Secretary and Treasurer Hill City Club.		
WILELLA RAINER.....	Union Springs, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	1
	Euzelian; K Δ; Alabama Club.		
ENDORA RAMSAY.....	Charleston, S. C.....	Waldorf.....	2
	Eueopian; X Σ; South Carolina Club.		
JOSEPHINE RODEBAUGH.....	Columbus, Ohio.....	Main.....	1
MAE ROLIN.....	Rio Vista, Va.....	Main.....	1
	Euzelian.		
Lizzie Rogers.....	Raleigh, N. C.....	Tinnyment.....	1
	Euzelian; North Carolina Club; Cotillion Club; Piker.		
MARGARET RUCKER.....	Welch, W. Va.....	Main.....	2
	Euzelian; West Virginia; Miners.		
PANSY SANDERS.....	Chattanooga, Tenn.....	Waldorf.....	1
	Tennessee Club.		
IRENE SANDIDGE.....	Ft. Worth, Texas.....	Main.....	1
	Texas Club.		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
RUTH SIMPSON.....	Virginia Beach, Va.....	Cottage.....	1
HELEN SLATTER.....	Selma, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euepian; ?; Alabama Club.			
M. PRESSLEY SMITH.....	Louisville, Ky.....	Main.....	1
MARGARET SMITH.....	Wilmington, N. C.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; K Δ; North Carolina Club.			
MILDRED SMITH.....	Wilmington, N. C.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; North Carolina Club.			
RUBY RAY SMITH.....	Lynchburg, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian; President Hill City Club; Prowler; Kodak Club.			
ELIZABETH STAMM.....	Wheeling, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euzelian; Prowler; West Virginia Club.			
HELEN STEINER.....	Montgomery, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian; A P; L. S.; Light-Feet; D. F. F.; Kodak Club; Cotillion Club; Joker; President Class '09; Vice-President Alabama Club; Vice-President Euzelian Final Meeting.			
KATE STONE.....	Hurt, Va.....	Main.....	2
Euzelian.			
MARY STONE.....	Hurt, Va.....	Main.....	2
Euzelian.			
EMILIE SCHOEW.....	Bramwell, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euepian; West Virginia Club; Miners.			
AMERICA SEAY.....	Shores, Va.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; S. G.			
FLORINE SELIGMANN.....	Seguin, Texas.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euepian; Texas Club; ?.			
SAIDA SELIGMAN.....	Eufaula, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euzelian; Alabama Club.			
HAZEL SHANKLIN.....	Charleston, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euzelian; West Virginia Club.			
SALLIE SHEPHERD.....	Palmyra, Va.....	Main.....	2
Euzelian; Chapel Choir.			
ANNA SHIELDS.....	Bramwell, W. Va.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; Miners.			
BESSIE SHIELDS.....	New Orleans, La.....	Waldorf.....	2
THETA SHOLARS.....	Orange, Texas.....	Main.....	1
Texas Club.			
BERTHA SHOCKEY.....	McComas, W. Va.....	Main.....	1
West Virginia Club.			
NANNIE SUDDUTH.....	Falls Mill, Va.....	Cottage.....	1
Σ Σ Σ; Miners; West Virginia Club.			
MARGARET TALBOT.....	Elkins, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	3
Euepian; West Virginia Club; Σ Σ Σ.			
BARBARA TAYLOR.....	Hollins, Va.....	Home.....	1

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
HENRIETTA TAYLOR.....	Pine Bluff, Ark.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euzelian; ?.			
ELIZABETH THATCHER.....	Somerset, Ky.....	Waldorf.....	2
Φ M Γ; T. G.; Masker; Night-Hawk; Chapel Choir.			
JULIA THOM.....	Washington, D. C.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; Historian Class '10.			
ALICE H. THOMPSON.....	Roanoke, Va.....	Cottage.....	2
IMO THOMPSON.....	Martinsburg, W. Va.....	Main.....	1
West Virginia Club.			
SOPHIE TILLMAN.....	Trenton, S. C.....	Tinnyment.....	2
Γ O II; Masker; Striker; Glee Club; Dramatic Club; Vice-President Class '09; President Euepian Lee Evening; South Carolina Club.			
ELIZABETH TRUE.....	Memphis, Tenn.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euepian; Φ M; Chapel Choir; Prowler; Tennessee Club.			
CARRIE TRUEHEART.....	Louisville, Ky.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euepian; Kentucky Club.			
ORA TURNER.....	Ripley Mills, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
Mohican; Chapel Choir; West Virginia Club.			
RACHEL TURNER.....	Shepherdstown, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euepian; T. G.; Joker; West Virginia Club.			
LULU VIRDEN.....	Montgomery, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	4
Euzelian; A P; T. A. R.; President Euzelian Final Meeting; Vice-President Euzelian Open Meeting; Business Manager SPINSTER and Quarterly; Light-Feet.			
BERNEY RAY WADDELL.....	Meridian, Miss.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian; K. K. K.; Prowler.			
NANNIE WADDELL.....	Cambridge, Md.....	Main.....	2
HAZEL WALKER.....	Ft. Worth, Texas.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euepian; Texas Club.			
AILEEN WARD.....	Darlington, S. C.....	Main.....	
Euzelian.			
LOUISE WATKINS.....	Richmond, Va.....	Tinnyment.....	1
Euzelian; Capitol Club; Striker.			
FLORENCE WEATHERLY.....	Birmingham, Ala.....	Tinnyment.....	2
Euepian; K Δ; Alabama Club; Striker.			
ELSIE WELROUN.....	Pendleton, S. C.....	Cottage.....	1
GRACE WEST.....	Waverly, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian; Φ M; Night-Hawk.			
JEANNE WHEELER.....	Indianapolis, Ind.....	Tinnyment.....	2
Γ O II; Piker; Mohican; Glee Club; Joker.			
MURIEL WICKS.....	Houston, Texas.....	Main.....	2
Yemassee; Texas Club.			
JANIE WILKINS.....	Lynchburg, Va.....	Tinnyment.....	1
Euzelian; Hill City Club.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
BESSIE WILLIAMS.....	Arvonia, Va.....	Main.....	1
MAMIE WILLIAMS.....	Denison, Texas.....	Waldorf.....	1
Texas Club.			
VIRGINIA WILLIAMSON.....	Mt. Jackson, Va.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; P. Ph.; Yemassee.			
HELEN WILSON.....	Denver, Col.....	Waldorf.....	2
JANE WINGFIELD.....	Charlottesville, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian.			
ELLEN WITT.....	Richmond, Va.....	Waldorf.....	3
Euepian; A P; Masker; Light-Feet; D. F. F.; Vice-President Y. W. C. A., 1906-07, 1907-08; Secretary Final Evening; Vice-President of Class '08; President Capitol Club; Crow; SPINSTER Staff.			
CECIL WITTEN.....	Martinsville, Va.....	Main.....	2
CLAUDIA WOOD.....	Little Rock, Ark.....	Waldorf.....	3
Euepian; X Σ; President of the Athletic Association; Leader of the Yem- assee Rooters; D. F. F.; Assistant Business Manager of SPINSTER and Quarterly; Treasurer of the Euepian Society; Glee Club; Chapel Choir.			
JULIA WOODCOCK.....	Danville, Ky.....	Main.....	1
Φ M Γ; Kentucky Club.			
MABEL WOOLFORD.....	Cambridge, Md.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euzelian; Night-Hawk.			
JOSEPHINE WRIGHT.....	Bluefield, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euepian; West Virginia Club; Miners.			
BENTLEY WYSOR.....	Clifton Forge, Va.....	Main.....	3
Euzelian; Chapel Choir.			
MARY YEAGER.....	Washington, W. Va.....	Main.....	1
West Virginia Club.			





FRESHMAN



Freshmen-

Officers

JEANIE COCKE	<i>President</i>
CORNELIA ELLIS	<i>Vice-President</i>
REBECCA PORTER	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
JULIA D. THOM	<i>Historian</i>

Roll

MOZELLE ALDERMAN	GRACE BRYAN	MARY CARNEAL
MARY CAMP	JENNIE CAMP	ELIZABETH DOWNES
CORNELIA ELLIS	BELLE HAYER	HENRIETTA TAYLOR
CARRIE JONES	MARGUERITE KENDRICK	EDWINIA LOCKETT
KATHLEEN MATHEWS	HELEN MOORE	CORNELIA ORRICK
AMERICA SEAY	BESSIE SHIELDS	RUTH SIMPSON
		HELEN SLATTER



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman History

'Twas thus it happened:—In days of yore,
Duties and pleasures and trouble galore,
Forced a band of maidens in Hollins-land
To join in a body both great and grand,
And establish the Freshman Class.

This institution, for every one's good,
Talked and considered and decided it would,
With all due forms and ceremony
(It's perfectly true though it may seem funny)
Elect itself officers three.

Officers were duly elected, you see,
President, Vice-President and Secretaree;
And these with a rule most exacting and stern
(For all for distinctions and honors do burn)
Keep our genius from blazing too bright.

This class now flourishes as it always will,
For with A. B.'s, ahead, we'll push up Knowledge Hill;
We hope we'll all get there, we're all going to try,
And while we are waiting, we'll raise a loud cry,
"Oh! here's to the Freshman Class!"

JULIA D. THOM.



SOPHOMORE



Officers

HELEN STEINER.....	<i>President</i>
SOPHIE TILLMAN	<i>Vice-President</i>
ROSE HAYWARD.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
GERTRUDE OBERHOLTZER.....	<i>Historian</i>

Class Roll

NELLIE ANDERSON	MARY MILES	RUBY DICKINSON
SUSIE ANDERSON		SULLY HAYWARD
EMILY BURTON		TRUXIE LACKLAND
MARGARET CHEWNING		PAULINE LAWTON
LOUISE CARPENTER	JANIE LAWSON	
PHOEBE STUNTER	ENDORA RAMSEY	KATIE STONE



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore History

IT was in the early days of September, nineteen hundred and six, that a wise and enthusiastic band of girls, afterwards to be known as Sophomores, met in the "Sophomore Hall," and organized their class. And then they modestly decided that the Sophomores of '07, and the Class of '09 should go down in the annals of Hollins, as the shining lights of that institution. For, as they declared, there were no stupid ones among them, and they must be original.

Thus it was that, in order that on Founder's Day this fact might be made manifest to the whole school, many and secret meetings were held by that body and a place decided upon. And so, on the morning of the twenty-first of February, nineteen hundred and seven, the noble Sophomores gathered together and paraded round the campus, an imposing flag, upon which hard labors had been spent, at their head. And assembled in the front campus, they yelled for themselves and their sister class, while amid wild enthusiasm, the President and Vice-President climbed to the top of West Building and unfurled the flag to the breezes.

Thus has this promising class begun its career. May its good intentions be realized, and when the time comes that we depart from the halls of our Alma Mater, may our memory live after us, through the coming generations of Hollins!

GERTRUDE W. OBERHOLTZER.



JUNIOR



Juniors -

Officers

CLARA ELLEN FORBES President

ELLEN CASKIE WITT Vice-President

MARY BARKSDALE Secretary and Treasurer

Class Roll

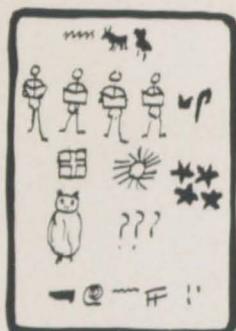
CATHARINE BRYAN



JUNIOR CLASS

The History of the Class '08 Proves "Transmigration of Souls"

THE stupendous question of the Transmigration of Souls has recently been unmistakably proved by the accidental finding of an ancient Egyptian tablet which recounts a class history exactly parallel to the one of our A. B. Class of '08. Although the facts recorded on the broken tablet are typical of a class in the time of Neco, about six hundred B. C., we illustrious members of the Junior Class of Hollins find ourselves in nineteen hundred and seven, confronted by the identical state of affairs and problems which faced those worthy scholars of yore. A copy of the tablet and the key to it will substantiate these remarks and also will enable the reader to see for himself that all evidences tend to prove that the souls of an ancient Junior Class, of Egypt, have transmigrated, along with their characteristics and achievements, to the Junior Class of Hollins, nineteen hundred and seven.



- I. The symbol at the top stands for the date. It means Neco, who ruled about 600 B. C.
- II. The four figures represent the Class—four in number.
- III. The four square blocks are indicative of their unity—four in one.
- IV. The sun stands for unexcelled brilliancy.
- V. The stars proclaim them stars among other people.
- VI. The bird, an owl, symbolizes their wisdom.
- VII. The question marks ask, "Where, oh where have the Juniors gone?"
- VIII. The quotation, "Quality not quantity" ends the brilliant history.
- IX. There is one hieroglyphic which has not been deciphered. The evidences all tend, however, to make us believe that the curious marks to the right of the four numbers stand for *Junior*.

This contribution of the Juniors of Hollins to the world, speaks enough for the A. B. Class of '08.

C. E. F.



A. C.

Class of Academic Certificates

HELEN BARKSDALE	<i>President</i>
LAURA ARMITAGE	<i>Vice-President</i>
FLORENCE LOCKHART	<i>Secretary</i>
LORA CRUMP	<i>Treasurer</i>

Class Roll

LAURA ARMITAGE	Virginia
HELEN BARKSDALE	Virginia
LORA CRUMP	Virginia
LOUISE CLARKE	Virginia
JULIA GRESHAM	South Carolina
CONSTANCE HARLAND	Texas
FLORENCE LOCKHARD	Kentucky
BERNEY RAY WADDELL	Mississippi



A. C. CLASS

History of the A. C. Class '07

ORGANIZED, we stand, Class A. C., as the gift of '07 to Hollins:—
Lo and behold! In September, Freshmen stared, Sophomores gazed,
Juniors admired, and Seniors, from the next-high round on the
ladder of scholarship, smiled—yet all bowed in welcome. And this was
well—for are not we one of them?

Eight girls, bound together by the true band of class fellowship, met,
in 1906,

To Resolve:—

"That we, the first of our kind, with "Earnestness" for a motto, shall
be termed the A. C. '07 Class of Hollins Institute."

And also:—

"That our colors shall be lavender and violet, and our flower the Sweet
Pea."

And also:—

"That we strive to do our best."

With this last as a stimulus we have striven forward, leaving a trail
for our followers, on the Path of Knowledge—until now—Now the paths
divide.

Yet, Hollins, before we go, we, the first A. C. Class, we, the eight of
'07, come to lay our garland, twined from the lavender and violet of the
Sweet Pea, at thy feet. With the wish that the lavender and violet, emblem,
to us, of the purity and daintiness of womankind, and the Sweet Pea, em-
blem, to us, of the breath of spring, may remain forever a part of thy gar-
land, while we also bear away, entwined inseparably in our hearts, through-
out life, these two, as *our* heritage from *thee*.

LAURA E. ARMITAGE.



SENIOR



Hunter

Colors

Red and White

Yell

He, heo, hit,
He, heo, hit,
Who's "it"? Who's "it"?
Naughty Seven

Officers

MAY FLOWERS COLLINS	President
MARGARET LOUISE HALL	Vice-President
SELENE NORVELL RADFORD	Secretary and Treasurer
ANNA MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL	Historian

Senior Class

May Flowers Collins, A. B. Birmingham, Alabama
K. K. K.; T. A. R.

After landing at Plymouth Rock in 1620, the Mayflower, this world-famed craft, set out for the next most important place in the United States—Hollins. With its usual lightning speed this College completed its preparations to receive her in some three hundred years, and greeted her joyously on the Bridge. Owing to her unusual bulk, Carvan's Creek was not deep enough to float her, so two years were spent in enlarging this body of water. When this herculean labor was at last accomplished, the vessel rested during the year 1905-1906 in the way of Associate Editor of *Quarterly*, and the Harbor of ever-increasing influence. This comparative quiet, however, was only an opening into the large sea of publicity into which she sailed in the following year as Chairman of the Student Body; Editor-in-Chief of *Quarterly*; President of Class of '07, and President of Open Meeting of Euzelian Society. In addition to the numerous duties accruing to these offices, she finds time to amuse herself with Darlings, bananas, "Gym," tea, and Miss Williamson.

Margaret Louise Hall, A. B. Dyersburg, Tennessee
X. S.

All hail to the Editor-in-Chief of THE SPINSTER; Vice-President and Prophet of the Senior Class; Vice-President of Lee Evening of Euepian Society! After this unusual flow of titles we halt breathless, impressed with the greatness of the youngest member of the Class. In the second year of her career, she figured as President of the Junior Class and Associate Editor of the *Quarterly*, but undismayed by her rapid rise to such heights, we see her now complacently seated on a still higher pinnacle of fame, carelessly perusing Browning. It is not seldom, however, that she descends to the depths of German parallel, and when she does, great is the fall thereof. Though a living advertisement of Bradley's soups as a nourishing and superior beverage, she suffers from acute attacks of melancholia which grew most violent about March the first—a rather astonishing fact when we consider the perfect health and happiness which she has enjoyed hitherto. If not to be found with Anna Campbell—lost!





Selene Norvell Radford, A. B. Forest, Virginia

In a certain Forest of Virginia, there grew a strange combination of business ability and Byronic sentimentality with the appellation of Selene Norvell Radford. By a happy move of Wyrd she was transported to Hollins in 1904 where she at once found her fitting habitat, and yearly flourished more and more until in her Senior year, she fell heir to her rightful heritage in the form of Secretaryship of the Senior Class and of the Student Body, and established *pro tem* of the Euzelian Society. However, her varied abilities were not cramped into this small sphere, but spread into the great channel of Chairmanship of the Intercollegiate Committee of the Y. W. C. A., and Lord High Entertainer of Blacksburg suitors, both of which positions she fills with dignity and grace worthy of her illustrious birthplace. As proof of her ability to fill these multitudinous positions, we would refer you to the world famous tome of Senior Records, from which we would gladly quote a few extracts, if not for their unusual length. If the gentle reader ever meets this scribe, she may be identified by sleeve-bows, pumps, airs and graces.



Anna Montgomery Campbell, A. B. . . . Blacksburg, Virginia

Fleeing from the strenuous social life of Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Anna Montgomery Campbell came to Hollins in 1904 seeking seclusion and quiet. During her first year here, she gave herself up to the enjoyment of rural life, but in her second year the Virginia Polytechnic Institute spirit was resuscitated and she entered upon a course worthy of a spirited "Rat." Her full glory, however, was not reached until she became one of the Select Assembly, which in recognition of her extraordinary talents and her keen appreciation of them, bestowed upon her the unusual honor of being both Historian and Poet of the Class of '07. She is the only Senior who enjoys the enviable position of being absolutely sure of her A. B., in spite of the fact that she takes six of the hardest classes in school and is an Associate Editor of the *Quarterly*, and withal devoting her entire attention to the Smart Set and Ainslee. We regret to state that the heavy work in her last year prevented her from continuing her concert tours, but we are looking forward with pride to the time when she will star on Commencement Day.



Annie Charlotte Darlington, A. B. . . . Washington, D. C.

A never-to-be-forgotten year was 1905, when Annie Darlington alighted from the bus at Hollins in her own peculiar manner, and announced to the startled faculty that she intended taking her degree in one year; but after assuming some six or eight studies, she was finally persuaded, for the sake of appearances alone, to wait for her A. B. till the year following. It is to this happy fact that the Class of '07 owes the honor of her unique presence, though it is with difficulty that the aforesaid presence can ever be secured till one minute before adjournment. This year between naps she amuses herself with conversational French and *THE SPINSTER*. She can be traced at any time by the trail of pencils, papers, garments and hair pins she leaves behind her as she crosses the campus, and can be found at all hours of the day in Miss Williamson's and Mr. Cumming's office.



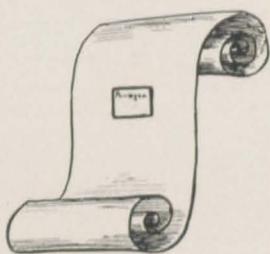
Margaret Pearl Hudson, A. B. Luray, Virginia

In March, 1907, great excitement was aroused in the Senior Class by the interesting discovery that a Soloist had been in training, hidden in their midst, until the time was ripe when she should fill the aching void. Modesty had forbade her to write her name in the fatal book called "A. B.'s of '07," until persuaded by the entire faculty that failure would be impossible for her, she at last determined to take the fatal step, mainly, we suspect, for the extra hour which thus fell to her lot, since school hours had proved too short a time for study. In addition to this unique passion for literary work, she is distinguished for her deep devotion to the drama, and spends a large portion of her time creating masterpieces of the Romeo and Juliet type. The Class of '07 points to her with pride as an exponent of Dr. Drake's motto: "Attendance and Attention."



Lucy Goode Puryear, A. B. Orange County, Virginia

The worthy scion of the noble house of Puryear is another relic which the Class cherishes fondly and which is surnamed the Goode, the Guardian of the Library-hoard, and the Faculty-darling. So brilliant a member is she of the Anglo-Saxon Class that even in speaking of her, we relax into the vernacular. Between her devotion to art, in the pursuit of which she burns the midnight oil with the Lady Principal, elocution in the form of English II, and her zeal for walking, to say nothing of her classes, we are very rarely edified by her enlightened presence, except at weekly gatherings. She is best known for the ease with which she acquires the highest reports in school and for her enormous output of essays. For specimens of which we would refer you to the *Hollins Quarterly*, 1906-1907, of which volume she was an Associate Editor.



Entire History of The Class of '07

PART I

Freshmen hight we, when we to Hollins went,
Clad in conceit, convinced of conquests to come,
Filled with false pride, foolish-hearted ones,
And felt sure in our minds that never man did the deeds
Which we would do, we, the wondrous-wise.
Then so spake we, scornful, sure of successes ;
"We each shall be epoch-making, ever-excelling,
Heroes of Hollins, high-minded, hopeful-hearted ones ;
Gathered to glory, giants in greatness."
Much-mistaken maids, mood-sad 'mid misfortunes,
Found their hopes fallen, friendless, flunking,
Sat-upon, squelched, o'ershadowed in silence.
Many fell out, foeman's fury finished them.
Few remained faithful, firm-minded faced the future.
Noble-souled soldiers. Wyrd often saveth
The undoomed hero, if doughty his valor.

PART II

When September, with the hire breezes sweete
Caused Hollins students once more to meete,
Byfel that, in that sesoun on a day,
The Freshmen gathered once more for the fraye.
(But now Sophomores proudly are they hight)
Redy to take uppe againe last year's fight
For graduation with ful devout corage.
Wel nyne and ten were theirs in storage,

Of soudry folk, by aventure i' falle
In feloschipe, and pilgryms were they alle.
One lass there was, and that a worthy one,
That from the time she first begon
To study books, she loved proprietie,
Trouthe and honor, freedom and curtesie.
Ful dear was she to teachers of Hollins,
Who still speak with pride of "our Miss Collins."
Then, too, there was another, young Miss Hall,
A lovyer, and yet lusty withal,
With locks curled as they were layde impresse,
Of sixteen years of age she was, I gesse.
Of stature she was of even lengthe
And wondusly plump-like, and gret of strengthe
Embrowdid was sche, as it were a mede,
Al ful of fre-she flowers, white and reede.
Sche was so charitable and so pitous,
Sche wolde weepe if that sche saw a mous.
There was one, too, Radford, i' foy,
That of hire smylyng was ful symple and coy ;
And sche was Madame Selene.
Ful wel sche sang the service devyne,
Entuned in hire nose ful seemly ;
And French sche spake ful faire and fetysly
After the scole of Kuisan, I trowe,
For French of Paris was to her unknowe ;
On hire dresse was writen a crowned A,
And aftur that, "Amor vincit omnia."
And many others there were I cannot telle,
Who spent that year ful happy and wel,
With al sorts of pleasure and play,
And a little study ilke day.

PART III

To do, or not to do; that is the question :
Whether 'tis better, as Juniors, to labor,
To bear these toils and troubles to graduate,
Or to drop our classes and seek pleasure ;
Letting all ambition go ? To feast: to play,
Pleasure ! And by pleasure they say we end
Weariness and the thousand natural shocks
Ambition's heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. Yet is it so ?
Yearnings, perchance regrets; aye, there's the rub;
For, midst joys of after life, what thoughts may come,
When we have abandoned hope of learning,
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes us fear desertion of our post.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with pale cast of thought.
So mused the Juniors, and thus nobly resolved
To cast in their lot with the fateful class.

PART IV

Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,
The last of school for which the first was made:
Our dips are in her hand,
Who saith, " A whole I planned;
Fun leaves but half; study hard; take all, nor be afraid.

Then welcome each exam
That makes school life all cram,
Each flunk that bids nor sit, nor stand, but go !

Privileges fool us,
Teachers sternly rule us,
Girls scorn us; yet we learn, never grudge the throe.

Yet pleasant are past joys,
Well did we love those toys;
And labor-worn, still we yearn for rest:
But diplomas we'll hold
To match those manifold
Deprivations we bore—gain most as we did best.

Therefore we summon hope
To help us as we grope,
School's struggle having so far reached its term:
Soon shall we pass approved,
Graduates for aye removed
From the callow school-girl; alumnae, though in the germ,

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
We will discern, compare, pronounce at last,
Goodness was right in the main,
Getting demerits vain;
The future we may face, now we've proved the past.

ANNA M. CAMPBELL.

Senior Carnival



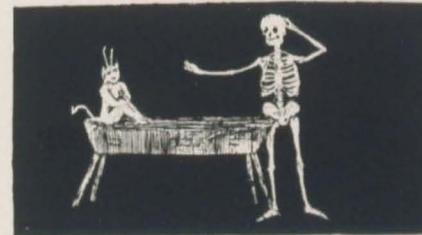
O girls of Hollins, know thy fate,
Come know it now, or 'tis too late!
Within these doors the secrets rest,
Come now to learn the worst or best.

The world's best stars you'll find right
here,
Their songs and dramas have no peer,
The lady actors are so fair,
"Roses" only can compare:
While manly talent shines so that
No one denies they have it "pat."



On these fishes take your chance,
Or on these auctions cast your glance,
But let us warn you ere you sit,—
Don't be angry if you're bit.

Come see where the white, bony skeleton lies,
And the green, scaly dragon, who gasps as he dies,
And look for the grave of the fair Hollins maid,
Who cut all her classes and then dearly paid.



The cool Cositorium is where you may rest,
Or talk with your darling, if that you like best.
Sweet strains of music will while away care,
And a brush is provided to smooth up the hair.

We know we have found a way to your heart,
So partake of refreshments before you depart;
Our salad and candy is all of the best,
And until you have tried it you never must rest.



EXEUNT OMNES

SENIOR CLASS POEM

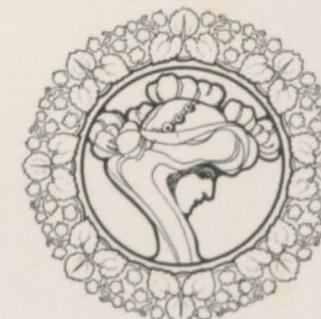
The sun shines soft on this world of ours,
On tender grass and nodding flowers;
And beauty seems to fall in showers;
The birds sing sweetly, trees lightly blow,
The breezes are whispering soft and low,
And strange yearnings within us begin to grow;
For a new life beckons, enticing, bright,
And sheds around us a wondrous light,
Flashing strange glories across our sight.

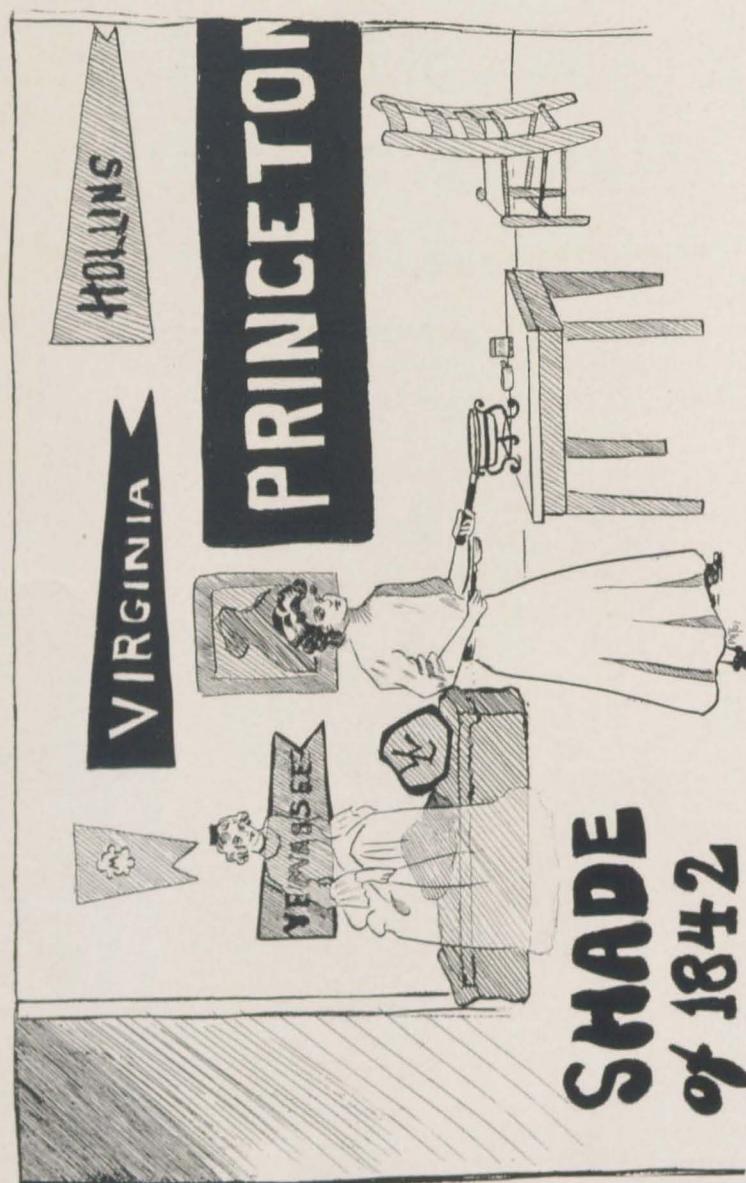
Our books have long been our only thought,
We've tried to learn just what we've been taught,
And honors in classes we've eagerly sought;
The love of our fellows we've held most dear,
The teachers' blame 's been our greatest fear;
Our interests have all been centered here.
But now th' allotted course is run,
Completed all our work and fun—
School-days at Hollins are past and gone.

We're sorry to leave—but still we're not sad,
For life's so joyous and bright and glad,
And promises much to each lass and lad.
And be our lives mournful or gay,
We'll try to make them worth while in some way,
To quit ourselves valiantly in the fray;
And whether mid pleasures or sorrows rife,
Whether surrounded by peace or strife,
Dear Hollins, thy memory we'll treasure through life.

ANNA M. CAMPBELL.

**History of Hollins
Institute**



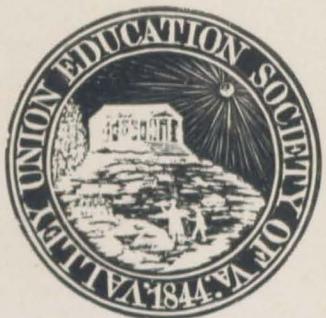


A SHADE OF '42

She stands upon the threshold—wondering;
Yet fearing to enter—lest:
By innocent blundering
She be an unwelcome guest.
Her dainty face is curious—eager,
Yet perplexed. She remembers her room—
Plainly furnished—bare walls—almost meager—
Compared to this. To whom
Can this gay one belong?
Gaudy pennants deck the wall
And bright posters—but gone
Are the fashion-prints, albums and all
The first things she can recall.
The chafing-dish, golf-sticks and such,
Puzzle her. And the girl so queerly dressed;
She ventures in a step—at her dainty touch
The girl turns, but seeing no one, expressed
Her surprise with a shrug. And then
A mighty shout is heard outside—
“Yemassee, Rah! Mohican, Rah!” The shade
Shrank back, seeking a place to hide—
“The Indians!” she cried, “I am afraid!”
She fled in haste, her little hands
Over her ears. The Red and Blue,
The shouting, cheering bands—
Drove away the shade of '42.

LOUISE BOYCE MURPHY.

Hollins History



In undertaking the stupendous task of writing the history of this illustrious Institution of learning, the authors have found great difficulty in selecting the most vital periods, since Hollins has always played such a prominent part in the world's history, that no time of her existence is insignificant. To begin with, we will pass by the Creation of the World, trusting that our readers have, at least, a vague idea of this rather important event. However, we would have it understood that our Alma Mater was by no means in the background, as there is no doubt that the Sulphur

Spring and the Bridge must have consumed the lion's share of creative time and energy. We need not dwell long upon the next ten thousand years, either, as the latest authorities have proven that, during this time, Hollins was busying herself solely with the crystallization of her rules, principles and customs. (If our readers are skeptical, let them consider what a perfect state of crystallization has been attained by the above mentioned, and he will be convinced that, considering Hollins' well-known rapidity and up-to-dateness, such flawlessness could have been reached only by countless aeons.) To quote an example of the institutions with which our College busied herself for so long, we will mention the use of the privileged classes. By the authority of one of the most prominent members of this class, we may state that this is the most important development of civilization and one which should never be omitted from any work, written or oral, serious or comic, biography or novel, from the catalogue of the Jamestown Exposition to the *Hollins Quarterly*. It is generally supposed that the system was originated by an obscure old Greek, whose name has come down to posterity with bitterest odium, because he is alleged to have invented the University. At any rate, we are confident that one bar sinister can be re-



SUPPOSEDLY CARVAN'S HOME



BOTETOURT SPRINGS
(Highly Fashionable and Popular Summer Resort)

moved from poor Plato's escutcheon to the round and fantastic flower book and Tinker seal of Hollins, which would only be the better looking for the addition of seven or eight huge blots. And this is one of them. The divine right of a few and the passive obedience of the many has reached such a state of perfection here that the Institution could not possibly have been established less than twelve thousand years ago, which gives us a good start of old Plato. In fact, the rigidity of this condition is even becoming a trifle loosened. Now who can deny that it has been here since prehistoric times?

We read in our highly exciting publication, entitled "Sixty-Third Annual Register and Announcement of Hollins Institute, Hollins, Virginia," that the school is really one large family, composed of its teachers, its officers, and their children, all on perfect social equality; and this fact that it is all in the family serves to restrict the privileged classes a trifle. Still, as we have said, the system of this privileged body is quite well organized and we see them yet, sitting up until twelve o'clock, going to the store without a chaperon, and, oh wonder of wonders! boldly demanding and receiving milk at every meal.

The first inhabitant of our present abode of whom we have any definite knowledge is William Carvan. From the fact that he voluntarily allowed the identical creek which runs behind the Sulphur Spring and is one of the boundary lines between us and the barbarians to bear his name, we infer that Carvan must not only have lived in very ancient times, but must have been a peculiar individual even then. We can hardly conceive of a person being so little affected by the Hollins atmosphere as to retain maidenly modesty enough to claim the quiet, half-dry little creek for his namesake rather than Tinker, or at least the Bridge. (It is claimed by some that Dead Man also received its name from Carvan, but there are several other equally good claims.) Many interesting stories have been told of this first Hollins g—ahem! man, but some of them are so utterly absurd as to be rejected immediately. In the first place, it has been asserted that he lived in peace! But we *know* that he lived at Hollins, and since the two statements are the very face of things so utterly incompatible, some investigations have cast aside the theory that Carvan's life was a tranquil one, and have discovered most wonderful stories of his adventures with Indians. They say that on one occasion he was out hunting and, being suddenly surprised by the appearance of an approaching number of redskins, he sought hiding-place in a dark cave.



SCENE OF FIRST OUTBREAK OF CONFLICT

Too late! The warriors saw him and entered the cave right after him. His hair stood on end and shaking with fear he allowed himself to be bound and left captive at the entrance of the cave. Towards dark, before the Indians came back, his cries attracted the attention of a fellow huntsman who came and released captive Carvan. Now, this sounds more like it! We, who are accustomed to dash madly from West to East pursued, not by war-whooping and scalping Indians, but by dignified, demeriting Lady Principals, can sympathize with our poor predecessor and realize only too well that "through the ages one frightened pupil runs," at Hollins since its earliest days. We do not find any reason to doubt that Carvan lived very much the same life as the Hollins girl of today, sleeping nine hours a night, worn out from the strenuous labors of the day; eating all he could find; going to the falls; wading in the creek; drinking at the Sulphur Springs; working as constantly as we do, and ever haunted by terrors hanging over his head. Again, like the Hollins girl, he was swallowed up into oblivion, after his sojourn here and we know nothing of him except these vague conjectures.

There is a great deal less romance and excitement about the next Hollins pioneer, though the story of his sojourn here is even harder to believe.

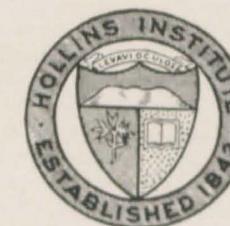
We are told that Joshua Bradley, charmed with the seclusion of the Sulphur Spring, attempted to build a fashionable summer resort at Hollins. People flocked from far and wide, and old Tinker resounded with the sound of dance music and the chatter and laughter of happy, care-free people. But Hollins could not thus be robbed of her innate characteristics. Such sacrilege could never be expected to succeed. Some historians say that Mr. Bradley's enterprise failed on account of his extravagance, but even the casual acquaintances of his descendant, J. Howard, rise in a body and proclaim, "It can not was!" Thus this old theory is discarded, though the name of the heroic Mr. Bradley, who dared to attempt a desecration of our classic shades, has earned a monument of sincerest admiration and heartfelt, though a trifle selfish, sympathy from the Hollins girls, his experiment perished miserably. The only authentic result is that many of the pleasure-seekers were so deeply impressed with the adaptability of such an isolated, mournful spot for a boarding school, that we have their daughters and granddaughters ever with us.

By 1842 the system of the privileged class was so well developed that a crisis was inevitable. We all know that at a certain period in the growth

of this system, a conflict must come—an outbreak can not be avoided. Since Hollins had been perfecting this institution so long, the outbreak *there* was of the most violent sort—in 1842 a college opened its first session.

In the suddenness of the school's establishment, the slight consideration of a name was passed over entirely, and was known simply as the "School at Botetourt Springs," for several years, until they resolved upon the original and romantic cognomen of "Valley Union Seminary." At this time the college was co-educational, but this paradise was lost in the short space of ten years. This step of suspending the masculine contingent of our students marks an important victory for the Faculty, or privileged class, and when they succeeded in forcing their victims to submit to the appellation of students of Hollins Institute, they considered their triumph complete, but the oppressed backbone of the Institution sternly refused to recognize this latter name, and now claim only "Hollins" as their Alma Mater.

M. L. H.



THEN

A Glance Backward



TO us who have sought the calm of these classic shades, "so peaceful, so se lulled, so far from worldly strife," these sacred precincts which noble mountains gird and guard from the tumult of the world, it is hard to realize that our Alma Mater, established 1842, for the higher education of young ladies, was once the home of that strange species of the human genus, whose occasional arrival on Sunday afternoon, brings us in curious haste to our windows—in spite of all the chapel-lectures of our Lady Principal. In short, it is with wonder that we look back upon that dim prehistoric period, when tradition tells us that Hollins was co-educational.

And yet years ago, BOYS roamed at large over the now peaceful campus, drank the famous waters of our Sulphur Spring, and imbibed from our equally famous Fountain of Knowledge.

Even now we have reason to believe that "though lost to sight," they are "to memory dear," and that their shades often revisit those spots that in life they haunted, the cool dark groves, the green banks of the Carvan, the Bridge on moonlight nights.

Moreover, the student of archaeology can find at the present day many traces of their former presence. Perhaps two of the most conspicuous examples are our co-educational Browning class, and the famous Darling habit.

Looking back on the time when Hollins was co-educational from the impartial standpoint of this distant day, we can see both its unfavorable and its favorable side.

Our fellow-students might, to some extent, tend to divert us from our arduous "pursuit of our studies," and thus form another of those "distractions" so lamented by some of the Faculty. But if they should take some of our attentions from the subjects of the curriculum, they would certainly furnish an important addition to this curriculum, for we are informed by no less a poet and philosopher than Pope that

"The proper study of mankind is man."

And, moreover, it is probable that their presence might enliven our school life. Often we hear some one say, "What a beautiful night. Think of all this moonlight being wasted."

It is just the evening for a serenade and we begin to think how sweet a guitar, and a rich tenor voice would sound under

NOW



THEN



the window. Then the clock strikes our practice hour and we reflect how inadequate is this modern way of gratifying our musical tastes.

Last Monday evening, I attended one of our famous soirees. I had forgotten to bring a book, and having passed through all the various stages of ennui, had at last reached that comfortable dreamy state which often brings relief to a tired nervous system. I do not think I was asleep, but I was haunted by visions of the past. On the seat opposite I saw a tall manly form. He was so handsome that I could not help looking at him until he suddenly turned and looked at me with his large dark eyes, whereupon I at once became interested in the music. It was wonderful how much sweeter it had become. Presently I dropped my fan and when my neighbor handed it to me with graceful courtesy, I was obliged to smile and thank him. Again I became absorbed in the music, so absorbed in fact that I again dropped my fan. This time, as it was handed back to me, I saw between its folds something small and white, a closely written note. I was just about to unfold it when—Bang!

I need not to have been so startled. It was merely the termination of an excruciating run which the gifted pianist was executing. But I awoke to the prosaic realities of life, and looked disgustedly around on a crowd of tired, yawning girls.

Four o'clock. School is over. It is time to put on my habit for Lavinia and I are going to ride out to Cloverdale. It is a fine day, and the view will be beautiful. Besides the Springs are so far from the Seminary and the eagle eyes of chaperones, that George and Harry think it a good place for their afternoon walk.

I look in the mirror to see if my feathered cap is straight, put on my riding gloves and take my crop. Then I am awakened by a knock at the door.

"Four o'clock, come on. During the hours for recreation students are positively required, to leave their rooms and take exercise on the piazzas or in the open air." Put on your sweaters and heavy shoes. It's very damp and muddy—terrible weather for taking cold, but you must get some fresh air. I am not willing for you to stay indoors. Hurry, and don't keep the chaperon waiting."

It is little wonder that we sometimes sigh for the "tender graces of a day that is dead" and that wearied with the common places of "this work-a-day world" we refresh our sense of the romantic by a Glance Backward.

A. C. D.

NOW



THE TINY TADS AT HOLLINS

One day the tiny tads did think
They'd hie them off to college,
So they came straight down to Hollins
Where they could get much knowledge.

But the lady principal managed
To meet them at the door,
And tell them that they were to room
Up in the East, third floor.

It was the great Grum—pleasantly
Grumbling about their presence there,
And when she tried to Caesar them
They flew right up the stair.

The tads worked hard one long week through,
So when Monday came round,
They weighed but very little more
Than Kathyleany Pound.

"Do you know," said he most pompously,
"Whom I this day have seen?
I'll be surprised if when I tell
You do not all go green."

Yes, I am glad we came to school
And that it was to Hollins,
For have I not this very day
Stood right next to May Collins.

I walked on down the Hall
And saw a Spinster maid,
While coming quickly after her
You Wood always see her shade.

Then as I passed another door
I spied a maid inside,
And when I asked who she might be
I thought I'd lose my hide.

After they had gone up
Fifty steps or more
They saw a figurative
Leaning out of the door.

"Are you satisfied?" one tad did ask,
"Do you still wish to be wise?"
The tallest tad then sat him down
And slyly blinked his eyes.

As alm as if to be chosen
A Chairman and President too,
Was an every day event
A small thing for one girl to do.

For it was the great actressen
Made Phoeby by her work,
For Spinster and Euepian
She was never known to shirk.

Ah yes, I saw another sight so fair,
It was the great artessi Pat
Boyceing all clubs there,
Just imagine my surprise to see one girl do that.

But some said that there was
A better manager than Pat,
So I flew around to find
A Stedierman than that.

By this time I was ready for some fun
So I found the small Ellen Wittingly,
And she told me many a pun.

At last when I could no longer
My feelings express,
I was awakened by a fog-horn
Which told of Happyness.

It was the great Clara Ellengly
Whom all know so well,
When I had glanced at her
I stood entranced a spell.

To think that I had seen
The great self centered,
I gave her just one longing look
And then I turned and fled.

Just as I had reached the stairs
And was making for my room,
I thought the day of doom had come
For I heard such an awful boom.

"You all may have seen the school,"
Said the tiny tad so small,
"But I have seen still greater things
Just outside this wall."

"I saw a great big Sophya
Tillmanagin' to eat
A quarry full of lime
And boasting of the feat."

The sights that we have seen while here
Will last a life time through,
So now to pack up and go home,
Is all we have to do.

I found the fierce ga-Lulu maid,
Manager of the Spinster staff,
Who always looked you in the eye
And was never known to laugh.

"Ah, is that all you have seen?"
The second tad did say,
"Why, I have seen more than you could
tell
If you walked 'round all day."

But instead it was the Rosielion
Haywarding her approach,
And although of them I'm not afraid,
On her land I would not encroach.

When Grandma Went to Hollins



A detailed black and white line drawing of a woman's face. She has dark hair pulled back, a gentle smile, and is wearing a light-colored headband or hat. The style is reminiscent of early 20th-century book illustrations.

"I begged her en I pleaded wid her. Marse William wouldn't never 'prove of hit, en what would her darlin' Marse John do when he comed home frum de war en found her lovin' somebody else? I argued everyway wid her, but 'twant no use. Marse John hed done forgot her, she sed, en he didn't love her no way, much—en Marse William en Ole Missy loved her too much ter git mad. So I cudn't persuade her no way, en 'twant no use ter try ter scere her, nothin' on de top side of dis earth would scere dat little gal.

"So dar I wuz! I cudn't write ter Ole Miss, 'cause I didn't know how, en I cudn't git nobody ter write 'cause den I would git my little Mistis in trouble—en I didn't know what ter do. I study en I studied, but I cudn't hatch up no plan, 'twell one day when I wuz comin' frum de spring somethin' behind me, spoke ter me. I tell yo' de truf honey! hit wuz de spirit of Marse John hisself. Hit say, '*Scere de man!*' I drapped dat bucket, honey, en sat down right dar ter lay my plans. I wuz gwine ter git er *hant* to scere him, but how, I didn't know.

"One evenin', your Grandma, Miss Sue, give me er note ter carry ter Marse Tom—dat wuz de young man's name. I waited 'twell dark, jis after supper yo' know, I coch him out doors. I sat down I did, en I begun ter talk ter him. I tole him every hant tale I hed ever heard, in my born days, en dem dat I hadn't heard. I made up ter suit de 'casion.

"I tole him dat one time I know'd er young mulatter man what wuz stayin' er way frum his duty cotin' er gal, en dat de spirit of dat gal's pa riz up in de night en coch him by de hair en dragged him round de country all dat night; en dat po' nigger wuz so scered he died en less en er week.

"I tole him erbout de time I wuz walkin' ter er party wid er black nigger my daddy didn't know nuthin' tall erbout, en how when I pass'd de grave-yard all de hants dar riz up en drive me home quicker en I ever got dar in my life. En my beau, he clumb er tree en holler'd lak somebody wuz killin' him

"Honey when I lef' dat man his teef wuz chatterin' en he wuz ez white ez er hant hisself.

"Ez hit happen'd, dat wuz one of de nights Miss Sue wuz gwine ter walk wid Marse Tom on de Bridge. I reckon she thought hit wuz mighty funny dat I didn't cry en beg her some more not ter go, but I didn't. I jis went right on out dar widout sayin' er word. But time she stepped out de door, I grabbed er skirt en came er long behind her. Den I took my stan'

at my end of de Bridge en dar I stayed 'twell day hed done fergot I wuz dar. Den I wrapp'd up en my sheet en crope 'round under de Bridge ter de fer end. Den ez de turned dere backs ter go down de other way, I riz up en flew down dem steps jis lak er hant wid wings on. I wuz moanin' en cryin' ter myself yo' know, en I reached up ter coch de man by his hair, but 'twain't no use fer ter go dat far. Ez I reached up he lit out—en he far flew like er streak er greez'd lightnin'.

"Miss Sue know'd 'twas me right straight. She didn't do nuthin' but hev two or three little fits of hystericks. But ez soon ez I got her ter bed she wuz all right. Of course she wuz mighty mad wid me, say dat I hed done ruin'd her life, but I notic'd she didn't lose no sleep over hit. She didn't love no-body but Marse John enyhow, you know she didn't!

"De next mornin' everybody wuz talkin' erbout de sudden disappearance of Marse Tom. Everybody hed er new tale ter tell 'cept me en Miss Sue; we laid low, we did. I wuz jist bleeged ter laf way down in my stumick lak every time I heard er new tale, but I ain't said nuthin'.

"Cause nobody didn't find out erbout hit honey, me en Miss Sue wuz jes ez silent ez dead people.

"Twas more en two weeks 'fo we heard er word frum Marse Tom, en den his ma got er letter sayin' he had done gone ter de war sho' nouf. His ma sed dat de reason he hed gone off so sudden lak wuz 'cause he hated so ter tell her good-bye; but I cud hev tole her er different tale.

"He runn'd 'cause he wuz scered, en den after he got started he wuz sham'd ter come back. He knowed he hed done run frum er hant, en he know'd how dem gals would laf at him. He hed er good place ter go, en er good excuse, en I'm mighty glad he went erlong en tended ter his business. I laks him all de better fer hit.

"Well, we stay'd dar peaceable after dat, 'twill Marse John got his furlow en comed fur us. Den we com'd home en married de chilluns off.

"Marse John lafed fit ter kill hisself when I tole him erbout hit, en when I com'd ter de part whar de man runn'd so, I thought he'd naturally buss his sides. He wuz dat proud of me, he give me er house all ter myself, en dars whar I'z been ever since. En dar's yo' grandma, honey, en dar's yo' ma, en dar's yo'—en here I ez yit," and the old woman leaned back, a shade of sadness coming over the dark, wrinkled face.

"Er heap of things has happen'd, ma little honey, en we has hed our share of trouble, Miss Sue en me, but she's gone home ter rest. But I ez

happy honey—en ole, er mighty ole 'oman. But I wish yo' would look er yonder! Dat sun has drapped clean out of sight, en here I iz still settin' on de white folks' front porch—

"Good-bye, little Mistis, come ter see me when yo' gits ready—"

And the old woman hobbled down the steps, mutterin' as she went about her "rumetiz, en de mizery in her spine bone."

HELEN BARKSDALE.





ATHLETICS

Athletic Statistics

Officers

C LAUDIA CLEMMENS WOOD *President*
F LORENCE LOCKHART *Vice-President*
R OSE PLEASANTS HAYWARD *Tennis Manager*

Executive Committee

L AURA ARMITAGE

A NNA JONES

SOPHIA BURGIN

R EBECCA PHILLIPS

G ERTRUDE CROSSLAND



ATHLETIC OFFICERS
Wood-Lockhart





Yemassee Team

LAURA ARMITAGE	Captain
Forwards	{ BANKS FORBES WICKS ELLIS, Sub.
Centers	{ JONES CARNEY NORTON GRIGGS, Sub.
Guards	{ ARMITAGE WILLIAMSON KENLEY T. KENLEY, Sub.





Mohican Team

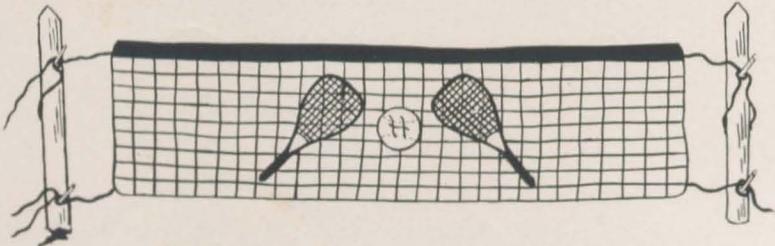
RECKY PHILLIPS

Forwards { CARPENTER
LOCKHART
JENNINGS
JOHNSON, Sub.

Centers { CHEWNING
COCKE
DOWNES
CLARKE, Sub.

. Captain

Guards { BURGIN
NURNEY
WHEELER
TURNER, Sub.



The Tennis Club

ROSE HAYWARD.....*Manager*

Members

CLAUDIA WOOD	ELIZABETH DOWNES	EDITH McFALL
THERESE NURNEY	HELEN STEINER	IONE CARNEY
GERALDINE OWEN	HELEN BARKSDALE	HENRIETTA TAYLOR
	ELLEN LINN MOLTON	
	LALAGE OATES	
	REBECCA PORTER	
	CLARA ELLEN FORBES	
	MARGARET RUCKER	
	GERTRUDE JOHNSTONE	
	ETHEL NORTON	
	SULLY HAYWARD	
	SARAH THOM MUXEN	
	PANSY SANDERS	
DORA DAVIDSON	DOLLY SELIGMAN	
HELEN SLATTER	ANNA JONES	
SOPHIE TILLMAN	Laura Armitage	



TENNIS CLUB

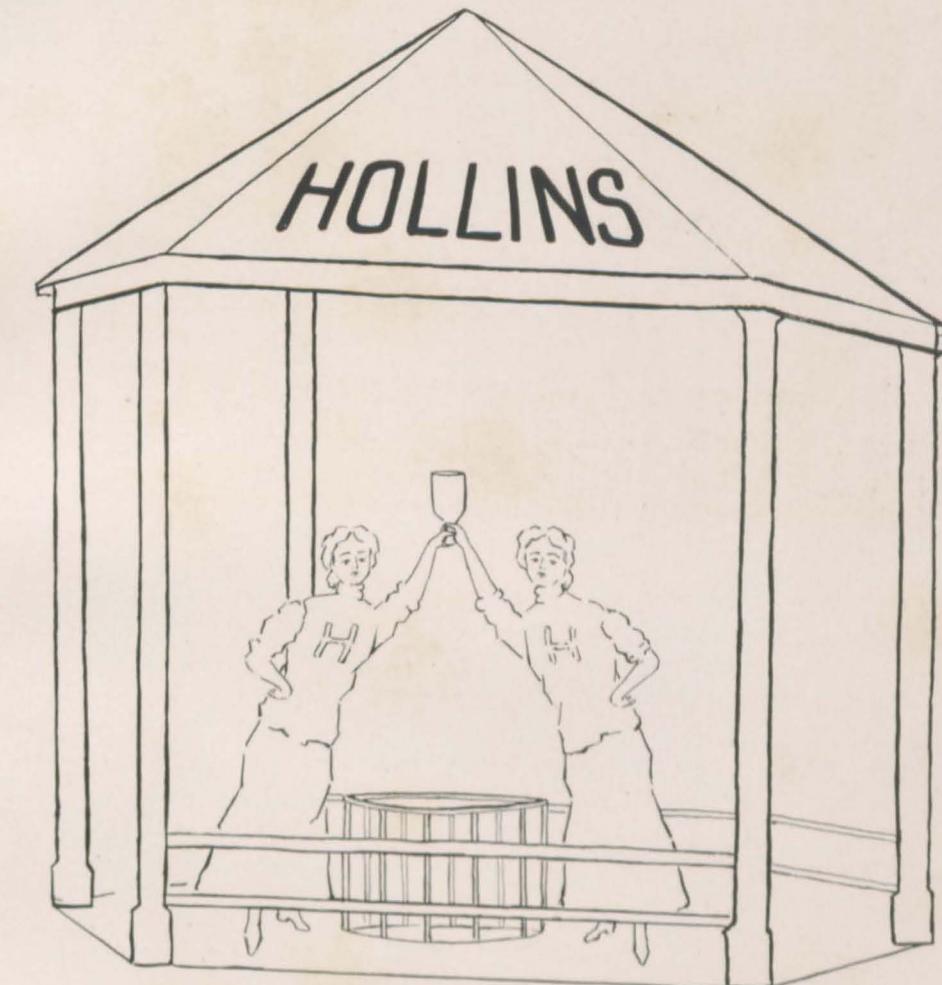


Kodak Club

CLARA ELLEN FORBES.....*President*

Members

HELEN SLATTER	MARGARET MYERS
CAREY JOHNSON	MARGARET RUCKER
JANEY LAWSON	CLARA ELLEN FORBES
RUBY RAY SMITH	HELEN BARKSDALE
DOLLY SELIGMAN	HELEN STEINER
LAURA ARMITAGE	PEARL HUDSON
TRUXIE LACKLAND	EDITH ATWOOD
LALAGE OATES	EMILY BURTON
LOUISE CARPENTER	LILLIAN PERRY
MAY HALEY	SULLY HAYWARD
	PHOEBE HUNTER
	M. E. COCKE
	GERTRUDE JOHNSTONE



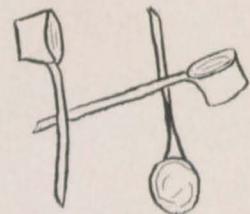
TOAST BOOK

HOLLINS TOASTS



ERE'S to those who squelch us
If we only cared,
And to those we'd like to squelch,
If we only dared.

Here's to the "darlings" we've had, my maid,
Here's to the lips we've pressed;
For kisses and lasses, like liquor in glasses,
The last is always the best.



ERE'S to sulphur water, the drink divine,
That makes us forget our troubles;
It's made of a dollar's worth of lime
And three dollars' worth of bubbles.

Here's to Therese, that fair magician,
Who can turn a girl into a donkey,
And at the same time make her think she's a lion.

Be a *Joker* and the school jokes with you
Masker, and you mask alone.

Here's to Kappa Deltas—
May all their members be little ones.

TO DARLINGS:
Here's to Hollins pigeons,
May they never lose a feather
Till your hand presses strong in mine
And we stroll to the spring together.



Happy have we met,
Unhappy have we been,
With Happy may we part
And never meet again.

Here's to Flop—
Who has nothing to say and says it.



TO SIGMA SIGMA SIGMA.
Every dog has his day—Here's hoping you have yours.

Here's to Rose—
She needs no eulogy, she speaks for herself.



TO GAY MONTAGUE.
May she give us a few brilliant dashes of silence.

Nature made the girls frail as a bubble;
Mr. Mc. made the store,
And the store made trouble;
Nature made the Vine, too, was it a sin
That Welch made Grape-juice to drown trouble in?



ERE'S to the girl of many virtues—if she wasn't always a bore!

Here's luck to the feaster,
In peace rest her soul—
And success to the poor wanderer,
Who's lost the key-hole.



HERE'S to our Parents and Teachers—
May they never meet.

Here's to Math.—the only class
Where exams. are not times to moan,
For flunk and the world flunks with you—
Pass, and you pass alone.

Here's to the Phi Mu Gammas—May the largest chapter they have ever had
be smaller than the smallest of the years to come!



HERE'S to Fun—the Mistress of Arts,
who robs a Bachelor of her degree and
forces her to study Philosophy in the
form of arguments with the President.



Here's to Delta Tau Beta, Hollins' first thought;
Here's to younger frats., Hollins' second thought.
As the second thoughts are always best,
Here's to the girls in all the rest.

MR. BRADLEY:—Since he never gives us toast, we'll thrust one upon him.
May we never murmur without cause, and never have cause to murmur

TO THE FACULTY—

Here's to you as good as you are—
Here's to me as bad as I am—
But as good as you are,
And as bad as I am,

I'm as good as you are, as bad as I am.

Drink to Demerits—May the least you expect be the most you get!



HERE'S to the daring skipper—May she always find her teach-
ers where Cain found his wife—in the Land of Nod!



HERE'S to one who waits and waits,
In other words procrastinates,
Yet *she* thinks she does it all,
So drink to the health of Louise Hall.

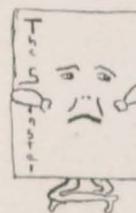
Here's to the Societies—May all their members be earnest workers, and all
Hollins girls be their members.

Here's to IV Comp.!—May it never meet but once a month, and only fifteen
minutes then!



TO OUR PUBLICATIONS—

Here's to the *Quarterly*, so frisky and gay,
It's not her fault Anna made it that way;
Here's to the SPINSTER, so lonely and good—
It's not her fault—She hath done what she could.



Here's to Blues

The team that inhabits the Tinnyment,
You have to be a Gamma Omicron Pi,
If you want to get in it.

TO CLARA ELLEN.

Here's to the light that lies in a woman's eyes
And lies, and lies, and lies.



Here's to the prig—
Here's to the dig,
And here's to the girl who labors!
May they never impress
Their severe duress,
Upon their care-free neighbors!

Here's to Becky Porter—May she always be as well-informed, as she keeps
other people.



HERE'S what turns our friends to foes,
The ever borrowing of clothes ;
But some look well in another's gown,
So fill your glasses and drink it down.

Here's to Miss Agnes,
Tried and true,
She's historical through and through ;
She's the teacher, the girls all say,
She wants to go to Jamestown,
But she's going the other way !



ERE'S to the dearest of all things on earth,
(Dearest, priceless, and yet full of worth,)
Drink to her, toast her, your banners unfurl,
Here's to the Peerless—The Hollins Girl.

The kind die young—Here's knowing the faculty will live to a ripe old age!

To CLAUDIA WOOD.

Here's to the girl that cuts no more figure
Than the end of a good size pin,
But the fuss that she raises no one phases,
And that's where the rubber comes in.

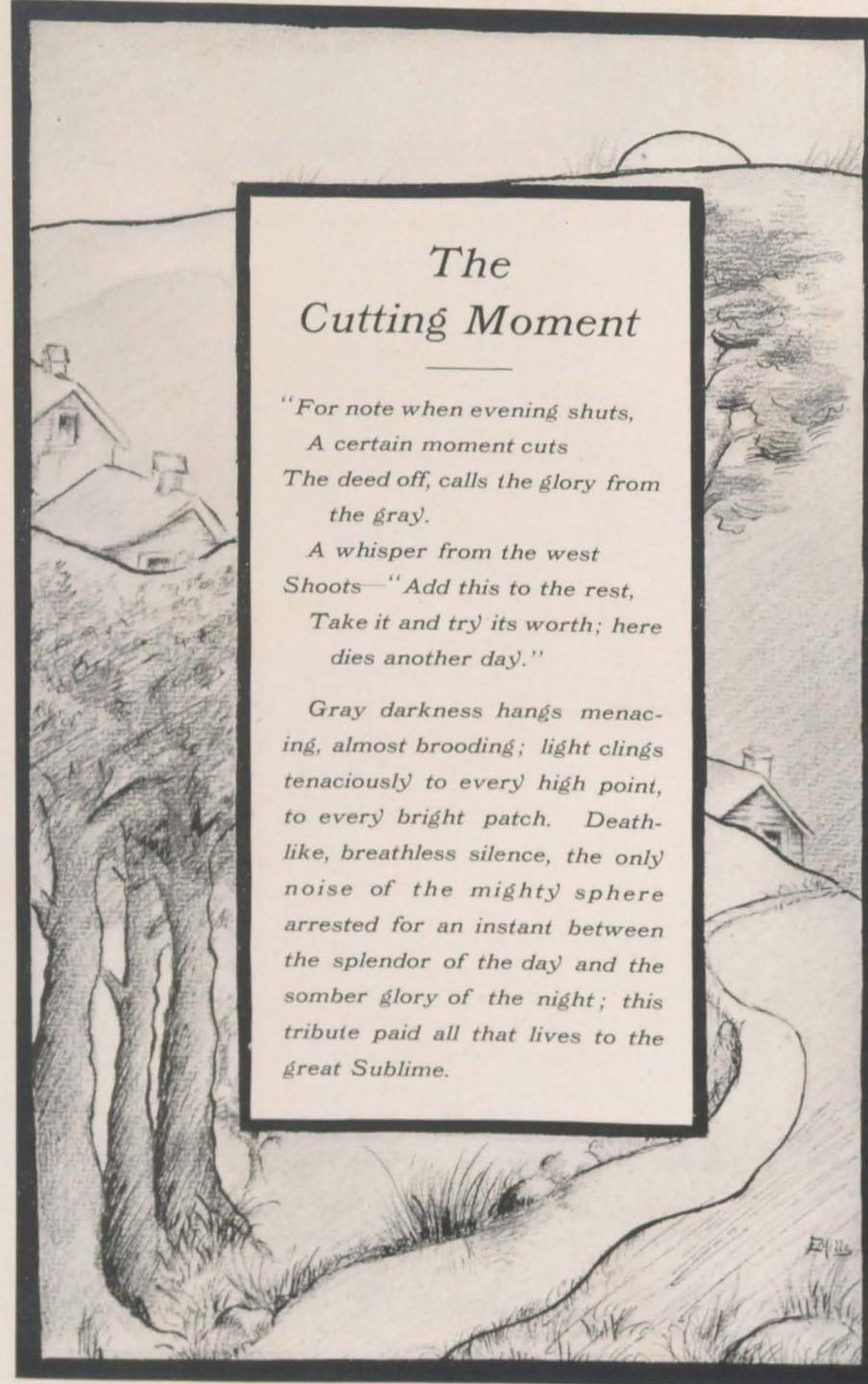


MARY VAN

Roly-poly, blue-eyed dumpling,
Rallying point of all our clan ;
Round and rosy "Turner Baby,"
Round and rosy Mary Van!

See her smile and dance and jabber,
And resist her if you can;
She's our Senior Hollins Baby,
Round and rosy Mary Van.

Miss Virginia Michaelis
Is our Junior--she began
Her career of Vocal practice
One year after Mary Van.
She's our wee, wee, Hollins Baby,
Growing fast as e'er she can;
And next-June time you may look for
More of her and Mary Van.

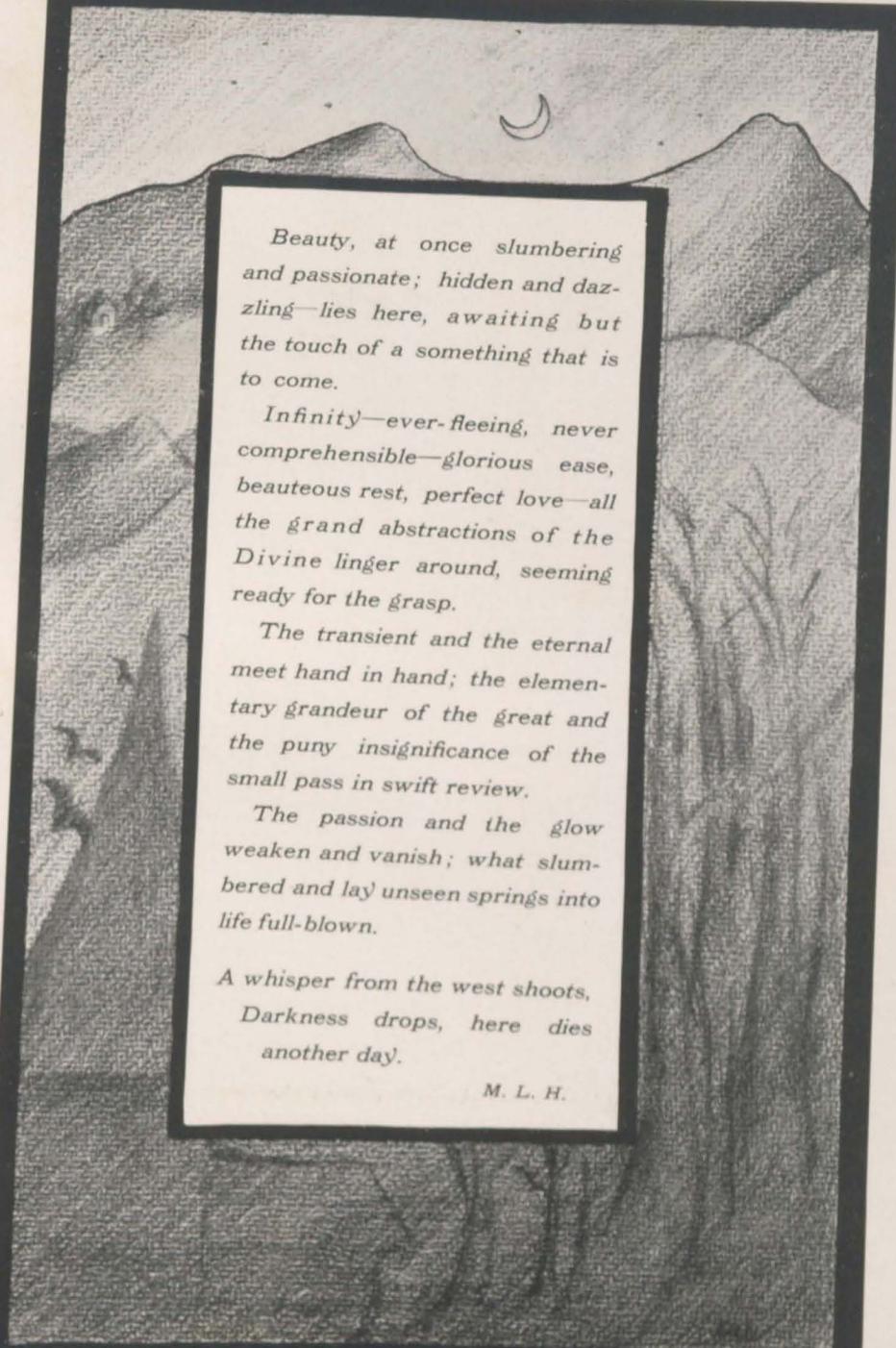


The Cutting Moment

"For note when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from
the gray.

A whisper from the west
Shoots—"Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth; here
dies another day."

Gray darkness hangs menacing,
almost brooding; light clings
tenaciously to every high point,
to every bright patch. Death-like,
breathless silence, the only
noise of the mighty sphere
arrested for an instant between
the splendor of the day and the
somber glory of the night; this
tribute paid all that lives to the
great Sublime.



Beauty, at once slumbering
and passionate; hidden and dazzling—lies here, awaiting but
the touch of a something that is
to come.

Infinity—ever-fleeting, never
comprehensible—glorious ease,
beauteous rest, perfect love—all
the grand abstractions of the
Divine linger around, seeming
ready for the grasp.

The transient and the eternal
meet hand in hand; the elemen-
tary grandeur of the great and
the puny insignificance of the
small pass in swift review.

The passion and the glow
weaken and vanish; what slum-
bered and lay unseen springs into
life full-blown.

A whisper from the west shoots,
Darkness drops, here dies
another day.

M. L. H.



"The September Princess"

IT was a very warm day in late September, and the shady tree looked most inviting to a pedestrian coming along the dusty road. He put down a portfolio and small easel with a sigh of relief, took off his cap and pushed the damp hair off his forehead. He stood at the foot of a steep hill, on the top of which was an old castle, he had come quite a distance to see it—but the hill! The young man looked at it dubiously and fanned himself with his cap.

"To climb that hill, or not to climb that hill!" he said quizzically—"It is certainly a question!"

Then he laughed so heartily that a peasant at work in the field looked up at him curiously.

"Have I walked four long, weary miles to be daunted by the prospects of a steep climb? Foreign life must make me lazy, why it's nothing compared to a good game of football—*allons!*" dramatically—"I go!—anyway," he added with a philosophical air, "it's cooler on that hill than it is down here!"

He turned to take up the easel and saw the peasant.

"Hey, my boy," he called cheerfully, "is *this* the Schloss, or is it that ancient pile of debris on the other hill?"

"This is the Schloss, Herr Artist," replied the peasant, touching his hat. "That on the other hill is the property of Fraülein Raimer."

"All right. Don't you want to carry these things up the hill for me?" as the boy came forward. "No, that! I'll carry the portfolio"—then as they started up the hill—"How did you know I was an artist?"

The peasant looked surprised.

"Did you not have an easel and paints?" he asked.

"Proof positive," said the young man with a laugh. "Well, I am an artist, though a very poor one, I'm afraid. I'm going to paint a picture of the old Tower, and don't want to be disturbed, are there many tourists in this part of the country?"

"There are visitors, Herr Artist, but very few this time of the year. Fraülein Raimer comes frequently, her summer home is over there," pointing, "and she is very fond of these ruins."

"And who is Fraülein Raimer, pray?"

"She is a very wealthy lady, a great favorite at court; and a friend of the Princess."

"Oh, well, I shouldn't object to the Fraülein, for of course she is young and very good looking—a buxom sort of beauty—round, rosy cheeks, big eyes and flaxen hair—I know the type. Here we are! Give me the things, thanks—" something round and shining passed from the artist's hand into the boy's—"I am going to stay at an inn near here until I finish my picture—the '*Three Steins*,' do you know the place? Well, suppose you come there tomorrow morning about nine, and carry these things here for me? All right, at nine! *Auf Wiedersch'n!*"

He waved his hand to the boy, then, turning, pushed open the rickety postern-gate and entered the courtyard of the castle. From the foot of the hill it had seemed as strong and durable as of old, but now he could see the great cracks in the walls, and in the courtyard the flagstones were broken and discolored, pieces of vine had grown up between them until the whole space looked perfectly green. In the center of the court was the remains of a stone fountain carved with fantastic figures of nymphs and fairies, the center piece was a bronze dragon from whose jaws the water had come.

There were three doors opening upon the court and a small space that had evidently been a gate; through it he could see what appeared to be a garden. He hesitated a moment, then passed through the gate, walking with long, swinging strides down the rough path.

It was a small garden, only extending about a hundred yards down to the edge of a cliff. There was a huge linden tree at the end of the path, and under it a stone bench. The artist sat down with a quick exclamation:

"What a glorious view!" he cried, "it's worth the climb twice over!" Through the shallow valley ran a mighty river, long celebrated in

poetry and song. On either side the green fields turning gold, were laid out with great precision.

"Like a checker-board," he murmured.

At the foot of the hill on the other side lay the city—grimy and hot-looking, but up on the cliff the air was fragrant with new-mown hay and marigolds. The young fellow sat gazing with an artist's appreciative eye upon the beauty of the scene. Finally he aroused himself with a determined shake.

"Well, I mustn't sit here all day, if I'm going to see anything of the castle!"

He sprang to his feet and turned down a side path. At the curve was an old sun-dial, so worn and moss-covered that the figures could scarcely be deciphered. He examined it with interest, when he raised his head he caught his breath.—

"By Jove!" he said softly, "By Jove!"

A few yards down the path stood a tall girl simply dressed in white, with a big hat in her hand. But it was her face that made him exclaim, for it was rarely beautiful. She was slender, with all the grace of a Rosetti; indeed, she might have stepped from a Rosetti canvas, so like was she. Here was the flaxen hair, soft and curling, but her eyes were grey with large pupils and long, dark lashes tipped golden. The eye-brows were straight and even. Her nose slender with well-cut nostrils, but her mouth was as full and red as a child's, with a slight droop at the corners; her chin was round, beautifully curved.

She stood calmly gazing at him with grave, inquiring eyes—the man's cap was in his hand now, and he bowed before her.

"I beg your pardon," he said in English, and then hurriedly to himself, "If I could only speak this cursed lingo correctly! Here goes for a try at it!"—but she interrupted his efforts.

"I speak English," she said, and again the man said to himself, "Her voice is like a silver bell."

And then aloud—

"I hope I am not intruding, Fraülein?"

"The place is open to all, Herr Artist."

So she, too, knew he was an artist. Then he glanced back at his open easel—"Oh, of course she saw that!"

"Are you going to paint the scene from the cliff?" she asked, "the valley

is very beautiful this time of the year; or are you only sketching the Schloss?"

There was no attempt at coquetry, her manner was as open and innocent as a child's, and the young man felt only a deep respect and admiration.

"No, Fraulein," he answered, "I am going to paint a historical picture, probably the meeting between King Otto II and Philip V which occurred in this castle."

"Yes," she said, "you might have it in the great Hall, you can get a very excellent picture from the ruin, the carving and frescoes are still there, though very dim and disfigured. Of course you have been through the Schloss?" she inquired.

"No, Fraulein, I have never been inside. All my information was obtained from this—" holding up a red Baedeker—"I will read you what it says—'This Schloss is an excellent example of the feudal castles. It was built in the twelfth century by Frederic I—' and then there's a long description of the various historical places, and one or two good stories, I believe," looking at the book—"Yes, here is one—'The Legend of the Princess Ysobel,' and here another, 'The Old Linden Tree.'"

"Oh, yes," she interrupted, "I know all those old tales. If you will come with me, Herr Artist, I will show you the interesting places, and perhaps can help you gather material for your work."

"You are very kind, I should greatly appreciate it, but—" he glanced at an elderly lady who was coming up the path to meet them. The girl's eyes followed his, and with an exclamation she ran down the path—for a few minutes they talked together—the girl was insisting upon something that the older woman seemed reluctant to agree to.

"Evidently an aunt or chaperon," said the artist to himself, then he saw the woman nod and go back again, so he went forward to meet the girl.

"Pardon me, but I was in a great hurry. And," she added with a smile, "Now we'll go exploring. You can leave your things here. We'll go in this door first—it leads to a staircase going up into the tower. There is a beautiful view from the windows, though they are long, narrow and barred; for it was there they kept the political prisoners."

"It is very dark in here," said the artist, "hadn't you better let me go first?"

"Oh, no, I've been up these stairs a hundred times! But be careful, some of them are broken and loose."

They climbed for several minutes in the dark, neither speaking. Finally he saw a light, and a few seconds later they stood in a small room, almost a cell. As the girl had said the windows were very narrow and barred, but the iron was rusty, and the stone around them so loose and decayed that when he shook one it came off in his hands. The floor was of stone and very damp. In a corner lay a piece of chain that had dropped from an iron hook in the wall. He picked it up and looked at it curiously—

"I wonder what poor devil wore that—" he said as though to himself. "I can see him now, grasping those bars and gazing down into the valley with wild, despairing eyes."

"There is a history connected with this room," said the girl thoughtfully. "A traitor to the state was confined here during the reign of King Oscar VII. I believe he hung himself," she added with a shudder.

Then they went down into another room, without bars.

"About a century ago," she continued, "A man who had attempted to assassinate the King, was confined in here, during the night he tried to escape by that window; but fell, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath!"

He looked out of the window and drew a long breath—

"Poor chap!" he said. "Some of those old kings were pretty hard on their prisoners!"

"Yes," she replied, "I don't like this part of the castle. Here," as they entered a large door, "is the great banquet hall, but we'll come back to it presently, because I want to show you the chapel. It was built in the 16th century, and though small, is very beautiful. There are a few stained glass windows left. There are some old tombs a great deal older than the chapel, but they were there before, so the walls were just built around them."

They had entered the chapel now, and he stopped short with an exclamation, and she smiled.

"I thought you'd be surprised! I wonder that more people don't appreciate this place. It is a pleasure to find one who does, Herr Artist."

Her naive frankness touched the young man and he answered gravely,

"I thank you, Fraülein—but may I ask your name? You will not think me bold?"

"No, Herr Artist. Call me Fraülein—no!—what do you call young ladies in your own country?"

"We call them—we call them girls," he answered, somewhat puzzled.

"Then you may call me Girl! And I—I will call—you—Man!" and she laughed again.

"Thank you—Girl!"

"Now I will show you the chapel. What does the book say? Oh, yes—'Tomb of Oscar VII.' This is it—he built the chapel and his tomb at the same time—imagine building one's tomb!"

"I can not think of it, Fraülein guide, without a shudder," he said with a smile. "And who lies here?"

And he laid his hand on a very low tomb perfectly plain, with no effigy.

"That is the grave of Karl V, called the Handsome. He was a brave young man, and very beautiful. I have seen his portrait in the palace—tall, slender with yellow hair and brown eyes. He was the first Protestant king, and a great friend and protector of Luther's. I have always been very fond of handsome Karl," she added. "He was a great patron of art—he built the fountain in the court, it is considered a wonderful work. Under this slab lies the little son of Maximilian III. Now, I have kept the best for the last," she led him down the nave to the end of the chapel. Built into the wall was a large tomb, over it fell a mellow stream of light. "I want to show you the tomb of 'Ye Faire Ysobel.' It is my favorite—shall I tell you her story?"

"If you will be so kind. Is this the 'Faire Ysobel?'" And he laid his hand on a stone effigy of a maiden in her early 'teens, it was mouldy and crumbling, bits coming off at a touch. The features were worn almost flat, and the little hands folded across her bosom were cracked. Only three or four words of the latin epitaph could be discerned.

"Yes," said the girl, "she's been here a good many centuries, poor little maiden! She lived during the Third Crusade. She was very beautiful, but unhappy, for she loved her father's page, a thing that could not be tolerated by the stern King. But he was too wise to separate them violently, so he sent the Page away to the Crusade, and arranged with the Archduke Rudolph, a lover of the Princess', to see that he never returned. So the Page went away to the East in the train of the false Archduke; leaving the poor little Princess praying for his safe return.

"When the Crusade was over and the soldiers were coming back, she would go every day up on the highest turret, and watch for her lover; but he never came. Then one day the King sent for her, and the Archduke was with him. He told Ysobel of the Page's death, and gave her a dagger

that she had often seen at her lover's side. She did not weep or faint; for she was of a line of kings, this maiden. She took the dagger, silently, and left them. The next morning they found her dead, with the cold steel in her heart. And the old King said never a word, but put her here."

The Artist was deeply interested.

"But was the Page really dead?" he asked.

"No, he returned a few weeks later, and when he heard the story of her death, he swore vengeance, but I don't believe he ever did anything."

The artist turned to her suddenly, his face lightening.

"I have it!" he cried, "I shall paint the Princess Ysobel! Not here, but out in the garden—by the sun-dial!" he hesitated, "Girl, will you pose for the Princess?"

His tone was eager yet deferential, and he did not notice her slight start, or the queer little smile on her lips.

"Pose for the—Princess? Yes, Man. If you think I can."

"Think it? Why I know you can! May I draw the first sketch now, will you come out into the garden?"

"Yes, but I must speak to Cothilde first. Go, I will follow presently."

And he went out into the garden, and waited for her; full of joyous anticipation, his artistic soul eager to commence.

II.

And so three weeks passed. Every morning the artist went up on the hill, and the girl posed for the picture. It was almost finished and though the summer was gone, they met every day in the old garden.

The artist was a young man, susceptible to everything aesthetic, the girl was beautiful, and so he fell in love with her. At first he thought it was only interest; the true admiration of every artist for a perfect model. He had never heard her name, but he was sure she must be Fraülein Raimer. She seemed to be wealthy, for her simple gowns were costly, even he could see that. And then she knew all about the Court life, and every now and then she would say something about the Royal family, that only one perfectly familiar with them would know.

"The peasant said she was a great friend of the Princess. I wonder what she would say if I called her by her true name—Fraülein Raimer!"

And so he fell deeper in love every day and she accepted his homage innocently, not realizing what he meant. One day he was pulling some

weeds up around the sun-dial, when he unearthed a broken bit of spur, of clumsy make, but he cleaned it and pronounced it to be gold. He gave it to the girl.

"It is a token," he said.

"Of what?" she asked, "I don't want it to be a token—it's a golden spur—symbol of knighthood. I am going to give it to you. I'll hang it on your coat. There!" she stepped back. "Now you are a knight—Sir Man!"

He did not join in her laughter, but knelt before her, his face grave and questioning.

"Girl—may I be *your* knight?" he asked.

"Of course—why not? But hurry, I can't stay very long—you are the King's artist and remember—you are painting the—Princess!"

This was to be the last sitting. He stood before the easel, painting with quick, powerful strokes, and she was thoroughly alive to everything he said.

She asked him questions about America and he told her of the wonderful freedom there, but always coming back to one thing—her beauty, and his joy at being able to paint her. The Man's compliments were extravagant but sincere, and she accepted them with a calm assurance that was perfectly natural with her.

"There is to be a great celebration in town tomorrow," he was saying. "The Archduke Ferdinand is coming, they say he will marry the Princess. Do you know anything about it, Girl?"

She answered him, hesitating for a moment. "They are not betrothed yet."

"Well, he's a lucky fellow, if the Princess is as beautiful as people say. You have seen her, is she so very wonderful, Girl?"

"I have never thought much about her—beauty," she smiled faintly. "But you may judge for yourself, for she will be in the city tomorrow to meet the Archduke."

"I'll go, but I'll wager anything that I know one girl who is more beautiful than the Princess," he spoke boyishly. "Ever since I first saw you, I've been trying to think who you resemble. Now, I know, it is the 'Blessed Damozel,' but the stars are in your eyes! Girl, you are beautiful, and you're sweet and good—" he left the easel and came towards her with out-stretched hands. "Girl, I love you—I think I must have loved you

ever since that first day in the chapel. Will you marry me?"

She turned from him, her face very pale, "No—no! don't speak to me of that!"

"Why, don't you love me—sweetheart?"

"Yes—no—no! I can not marry you—Man!"

"But—"

"Go to the city tomorrow, and you'll understand—good-bye!"

And she fled, leaving him standing alone in the garden, his face clouded and puzzled.

III.

The next morning the artist rose early and decided to walk to the city. He was still worried and perplexed, but not down-cast; for he couldn't think of any plausible reason for the Girl's not marrying him, she had confessed she loved him, and for the time he was satisfied with that.

The streets were crowded with gaily dressed people, and he felt very lonely and foreign, as he wandered about. Finally he managed to secure a place on the Square, and he waited anxious yet curious. He watched for some sign, but saw nothing.

He had waited about two hours when the shouts of the people announced the approach of the Princess and Archduke. But he was not interested in that, he was scanning the faces of the crowd, always looking for "Fraülein Raimer."

Then he saw the state coach coming—a great, lumbering affair. In it sat the Archduke, a proud, arrogant man; and beside him the Princess. She was dressed all in white, and as he leaned forward for a better view she turned and he saw her face—the glowing, beautiful face of the Girl!

He never knew how he reached the hotel, for he went at random, his thoughts upon what he had seen, and the one phrase running through his head—"She is the Princess—she is the Princess!"

The young man was utterly dazed. And when he reached his room and found a note there, he read it mechanically—it seemed a sequel—a part of the play!—

It was short, simply written upon plain white paper. "Come tonight to the old garden—for the last time—Girl."

It was a pitiful little note, so short, so insignificant! And yet how powerful!

"I won't go!" said the artist between his teeth, and then—"But it will be for the last time—the last time!" And he knew that nothing could keep him away.

And he thought of it all the next day—praying, that she was not a Princess, though he felt all the time that there was no hope.

The day was over when the artist came to the old Castle. He opened the rickety little gate and walked with slow, unsteady steps through the court-yard and garden; down the rough path leading past the Linden tree to the cliff, there was an old stone bench there, but the man threw himself heavily upon the moss and lay face downward, his head upon his arms. Behind him the old Castle formed a silhouette against the sky; below the cliff the gaunt trees swayed uneasily, rending a broken murmur away into the night. Beneath the trees, down in the valley, ran a mighty river, winding away until it became a silver thread, and there where earth and sky seemed to meet; was a huge, black mass—the cathedral, whose chimes rang sweetly on the night air. To the left, over the mountains, hung the great, blood-red autumn moon.

To the man lying there in the moonlight, came no thought of the beauty of the night. He was gazing with wide, unseeing eyes into the distance—thinking—he sprang to his feet, the soft hat convulsively crushed in his hands—and walked about. His face at times was dazed and uncomprehending—almost stupid—and then despairing and fiercely determined.

There were not many moments for him to walk about, before he heard carriage wheels, and she came. He felt how very different this was from their first meeting in the garden—then he had been awed and embarrassed; now he was miserable, but determined; while she was in a state of nervousness that could not be hidden. She felt that this last longed for meeting would be too difficult, and when he came towards her, she half-closed her eyes and her face was deathly white. Neither of them spoke. He took her hand for a moment and a deep blush succeeded her pallor; and he felt her hand tremble, then she motioned him away and sat down on the stone bench, he standing before her. The Man was strangely uneasy, she didn't seem like the Girl whom he loved, and who he knew loved him. That the fact of her being a princess should cause such a change in her way of receiving him, puzzled him, and he knew of no other condition that could have effected their previous relations to each other.

She did not move, and he came towards her with more fear and uneasi-

ness in his face than she had ever seen before. He was in a state of uncertainty that made him afraid lest something he should say would condemn him to a still greater distance from her, and she was afraid of herself. She sat motionless as though some spell were upon her. He looked at her white face and in her eyes read the yearning she could not express. He paused then said in a low voice—

"I am very grateful to you for granting this last favor."

"I wanted to see you—I wanted to say—good-bye!"

There was a slight break in the clear voice. He started to speak, then hesitated, for she had not moved, and he could not understand this way of receiving him; but he went on to say what he had determined to say.

"I fear you will think me wrong and presumptuous to come here. I should have gone away, but I could not leave without a word, you know"—his voice broke—"you know that I love you, I knew it four days ago in the chapel, but I had not meant to tell you—yet—" there was a slight movement in the Princess, she unclasped her hands, half held them out, then quickly folded them again.

"Now I know that I loved without hope," he continued, "I never dreamt of your being a princess—the Princess Margarithe! How well it sounds! but I prefer plain Girl—you will let me call you Girl?" he pleaded. "I thought you were Fraülein Raimer, and I dreamed"—with a bitter laugh—"I dreamed of such happiness that few men have ever known." She caught her breath sharply, and he paused, then said gently:

"But this is very painful to you."

"Yes—but continue," said the Princess hastily.

"I felt that you must have a contempt for me—" but why say more? She knew that he loved her—knew that—

She interrupted:

"You acted as I should have expected you to act," said Margarithe, her face brightening and her head becoming more erect on its slender neck, "I have anticipated this, but I was too weak, and could not stop while there was yet time. I have had nothing but plain contentment all my life, and this new pain that comes to me is happiness. Herr Artist, every word you utter cuts deep into my heart—I welcome the pain—for I love you—no—" as he started towards her, "let me finish. Perhaps you think me bold for what I have done, perhaps in after years you will condemn me for coming here tonight. I have been foolish and undignified, my only excuse is—I

love you!—Oh, Man, do you know what it is to be misunderstood by all around you, to crave love, and be met on every side with endless ceremony? Until you came I had never heard a word that was not flattering—I have never had a wish that was not anticipated and fulfilled. You thought I was Clothilde Raimer—you have seen her, she has been my chaperon. She did not want me to meet you here, but I—insisted. I have dreamt of love, I have had an ideal—not like you—but slender and golden-haired, like a portrait in the Audience Chamber. When you came you were so different, and yet—I think it was your strength that appealed to me first—your honesty and sincerity; and now, because I must give you up, you are dearer to me than ever. Yes, yes—" She broke off with a sob and held out her hands to him. "Come to me—don't you see I want you?"

He took her in his arms and held her close for a few seconds, his face drawn, but the eyes glowing with intense determination, then he spoke unsteadily:

"Margarithe! I love you, and you love me. Perfect love only comes to us once. You have given your heart to me—will you give your hand to another? Don't you know that I love you? Come away with me to America—I will—"

She put her hand over his mouth—

"Hush! You must not speak of that! Don't you see that I can not go?—I was born a princess, I must always be one. There are obligations we all must pay—mine is a heavy one, but just because I am a woman I can not shirk it. Look into your own honorable heart—don't you understand that I must stay here?"

He gazed at her tenderly.

"Girl! I wonder that I am so calm. I am going away from you tonight—you are sending me away because you love me—and I am going because I love you. I haven't known you long, but it didn't take many days to discover that I loved you. When I painted your portrait, my eyes—lover's eyes, though I didn't know it then—saw your pure soul—I could read your character in every line of your innocent face; and I loved you for that and for your wonderful beauty. I'll never dream of the future again—always of the past! I am going back to America, not to a noisy city, but to a little house in the mountains—the home that was to have been for you—and I'll sit there on a night like this and think of you—not as I have thought of you, but as a shade of the past. And then when the dawn

comes, when the moon and stars fade away; I'll put my head on my arms, close my eyes and pretend you are there, then—I'll awake, and know that it was only a dream, and that I'll never see you again—never!"

"No, not forever! Some day you will come back again, when I am an old woman, and you a weary, white-haired man. You'll ask an audience, and I'll wonder at your queer, foreign name—for I don't know your name, dear, and I don't want to hear it until then—but you will come back and look into my eyes and read there that I love you, then you'll kiss my hand and go away again—for the last time!—but I will say to myself, 'He has not forgotten.'"

The Man's voice trembled:

"I will come. I will never love another woman! There's a deep wound in my heart, sweet girl—"

"Do not speak of that! Oh, my dear, can't you see how I am suffering—can't you see that it breaks my heart to have you go? Oh, what a price for a moment's happiness! I have longed for real romance all my life—but I didn't dream of this! But I thank God for it—" she was sobbing now, the tears running down her cheeks—"Kiss me, kiss me—and go!"

He took her in his arms again, looked deep into her eyes, and said in a low, husky voice:

"Good-bye—my Princess!"

She brushed the tears from her eyes and watched him as he walked rapidly down the path—saw him turn for an instant one hand over his heart—then vanish in the shadows. And the man as he looked back, thought her more beautiful than ever, standing straight and slender in the moonlight, so bright that he fancied he saw the tears upon her cheeks.

* * * * *

The Princess called in a clear voice, and the heavy figure of Fraülein Raimer came out of the shadows. There were no signs of recent grief on Margarithe's face; she was pale, but her eyes were as clear and cold as a mountain spring, and when she spoke her voice was steady and even.—

"You may call the carriage," she said.

Louise Boyce Murphy.

A SECRET

THESE roses red my secret know,
Their petals all a'trembling
Brushed my lips—I whispered low—
And now to you I'm sending
My spark o' life. Mayhap
Thy lips the fragrant flowers will press,
And in that single, brief caress
My secret they'll confess.

And ah! that secret—so long, so fondly cherished!
Locked deep within my fearful heart
Till hope had well-nigh perished.
I cried, "From it I ne'er will part!"
But even then the thought of thee,
Brought me a vision far more fair
Than all the stars above me,
Thou art my star—so bright, so rare,
And my secret is—I love thee!

Louise Boyce Murphy.

As Ithers See Us

MISS MATTIE:—Where did I stop, Miss Willie? Oh, yes, I've just been up to 128 West. One of the girls very carelessly poured alcohol into a burning vessel, and an unimportant and by no means disastrous conflagration ensued. There were about a hundred girls crowding around the apartment when I arrived, but they dispersed immediately upon my suggestion. I easily superintended Estes and Lewis in extinguishing the flames. But to continue where we left off—

My Dear Sir:—Your daughter pays too little attention to school rules, etc.

MISS THALIA:—"Oh my dear! No! I wasn't there—no, didn't hear of it until two hours later, but you know, I am so excited! You see I really take an interest in the girls! But I am *so* glad that I have talked to the girls *so* often about being prepared for fire, and had told them how much I love them, and how purely unselfish motives prompted my warnings. I really am proud of the effect of my influence. In fact, I may say I take all credit to myself in the girls—though the rest of the Faculty think it strange of me—and I could never think of their suffering any inconvenience without feeling badly myself, do you see? Now, Aunt Mattie will never think of this again, she is so calm, so unruffled—but I can hardly get my breath yet. Yes, indeed, I'm going up immediately. Were any of their attractive little pictures burned, or do you know?" etc., etc.

MR. DICKINSON:—No, I didn't even know there *was* a fire until everybody was up there, but then I thought I might as well follow Mr. Cummings, though I didn't know where he was going. He *did* have the fire extinguisher, but I didn't notice it. When I got there it was all over, so I just stopped Miss Anna Campbell when I passed her on the hall, and asked why she didn't come to Math. yesterday, and came down.

MISS PARKINSON:—I have *always* said something would come of this free use of chafing-dishes. In very few of the best schools is it the custom

for young ladies to take things so into their own hands. Now at Vassar—Well, if I had not put out the fire as quickly as I did, and if I had not quieted the disturbance so easily and calmly, something might have resulted from this carelessness. Some of the girls came upon the hall without their gloves on. I'll take their names down at once. And I must go up at once and see if Room 128 is in good condition. They have had fifteen minutes; if it is untidy, I shall most assuredly demerit its occupants.

MRS. CUTHBERTSON (*Sticking her head in the mass of flames*):—Let me see now what your bill is—two blankets, thirty dollars; one shade, twenty-five cents; six sofa pillows—oh, are they yours? One curtain—yours, too? Well, I was sure more of our things were lost. At any rate I'll come back.

MR. COCKE:—Huh! All the carbon-dioxide used up! And foolishly, too! Half a pint could easily have been saved! Susie'll be glad to hear of some excitement. I know I have not told her this before, though she vows my letters are all copies. She'll be proud to hear *my* part in it! Why, I tremble to think of the consequences if I hadn't dashed up the steps with the fire extinguisher, and put the thing out so quickly. By the way, what *was* it I carried up the steps? Oh, I remember, it was my magic lantern, but it was *so* exciting—and, say, I needn't tell her that! Girls are so scatter-brained—not a one of 'em remembered the directions for constructing the fire extinguisher and the formula of its chemical ingredients. If they had, all of the work of putting out the fire wouldn't have fallen to me. Huh! guess I'd better look over these Physics experiments—but, look here! I am still in this smoky room—seems like I could have smelled that stuff in the fire extinguisher, when it's made out of sulphuric acid and carbon dioxide—but these girls are too distracting!!!

MR. TURNER:—Oh, a fire! What infernal carelessness! I should have known better than to go to Washington. True, Brae was here, but he was the only capable person on the place. I suppose it was my fault for leaving Hollins unprotected.

Dearest Mama:—So much excitement! I must write you before the first triangle, of our big fire. Some girls were curling their hair, and the alcohol blazed up and the whole room was in flames. We thought all Hol-

lins was doomed to perish, but some of the girls put it out with water in their pitchers and the fire extinguisher. Then the fun began. Miss Parkinson charged up, fairly breathing fire and vituperating every specimen of schoolgirl ever created. She tore into the room, knocking things around in great confusion, finally left, strutting with the consciousness of a great achievement. Then Miss Mattie sailed majestically up; told Mug Talbot to disperse to her room, commanded Mr. Cocke to "continue his efforts," and departed as she had come. But Mr. Cocke!! Truly, after seeing him I can never say my three years at Hollins have been wasted! He came up like a storm, illustrating the transformation of energy by hurling three inoffensive girls, fleeing from the fire, eighty feet down the hall; then walked sedately into the room, leaving his magic lantern against the unharmed window-sill; rested his untroubled brow upon his hand and gazed peacefully into the distance, softly soliloquizing, while not four feet away the flames played merrily until Henrietta Taylor put an end to them.

Mr. Turner was away, so we didn't have him tearing around like a madman, pulling all his furniture and household belongings out on the campus, and forgetting the fire entirely. That's the way he did last time, they say.

At any rate, nothing was injured, except three sofa pillows and a table cover, but I feel so sorry for the Faculty. How terribly they must feel, when they think of how foolishly and futilely they acted before the girls and each other!

I must stop, as there is the last triangle.

Lovingly,

L.



HOLLINS SULPHUR RESORT



Dear Cloverdale, Troutville, Tinker and
Hollins, Virginia

ESTABLISHED 1482

For the Higher Entertainment of
Young Ladies

Press of
THE SPINSTER PUBLISHING CO.



Hollins Sulphur Resort

LOCATION

AFTER an experience of four centuries on this continent, the general conclusion has been reached that country localities, easily accessible to cities, are decidedly preferable for fashionable resorts. The Hollins Sulphur Resort is located in Roanoke County, Virginia, one and a half miles from the great metropolis of Hollins—

is a suburb of the flourishing city of Troutville, within easy automobiling distance of the world famous Cove. The entire region abounds in picturesque mountain scenery, sheep and pigeons. The soil is exceedingly fertile, great quantities of "grains, vegetable, fruits and grasses" being produced. This corporation owns a tract of 500 acres, and the buildings are so

located that they are excluded from the annoyance of close proximity to public thoroughfares. This absolute and aristocratic seclusion is one of the Hollins Sulphur Resort's greatest drawing cards.

Our premises are beautiful and attractive, but are kept posted according to law, and are not allowed to become a resort for the indiscriminate public. A trusty watchman, Mr. J. A. Turner, is employed, and not even an insect is allowed to intrude without a written permit from Miss Parkinson. Two churches, two large and handsome department stores, a black-smith shop and a negro school, within easy distance, all furnish their various attractions. A small river with natural water, during the entire month of April, traverses the campus. During the rest of the nine months you are allowed to view the dry and picturesque ravine for the small sum of ten cents.

CLIMATE

THE salubrity of the climate, the beauty and fertility of the country, its freedom from malarial disease, its invigorating atmosphere—rains six times a week, snowstent times, hails and sleet in the meantime—its limpid streams of water—so limpid that they never flow—all combine to render the Sulphur Resort peculiarly adapted for the excellent establishment and permanent prosperity of large in-

stitutions of pleasure. The sulphur water combines with these other natural advantages to render our patrons both beautiful and healthy by bringing out carefully all the pimples and other disfigurements of the system, thus rendering their countenances sources of wonder and astonishment to their admiring friends.

No Hollins Sulphur Resort patron ever gains less than thirty pounds a week at this idyllic spot. For references see Misses A. Darlington, V. Williamson, and H. Crossland.

Those troubled with loss of appetite will find that a marvelous change takes place as soon as they reach Hollins Sulphur resort, for the very atmosphere seems in some strange way to impart a desire for food, and on all sides can be heard agonizing exclamations of "I am simply starving! A cracker! A cracker! My diploma for a cracker!" For testimonials see Messrs. Radcliffe, McLaughlin, Bradley and Turner, maids, waiters, Miss Parkinson, and others about the place.

Our wonderful cures for insomnia are world-famous and of course copyrighted—Accept no imitations. Miss Maria F. Parkinson's Post-Chapel Chats, which after continuing for five minutes, have never been known to fail to send the entire audience into the arms of Morpheus. A close second, or even an equal to this remedy is found in our *weakly* imitations of the great masters of music, commonly

known as Soirees. It is astounding even to the casual observer to see the celerity with which deep and unbroken slumbers overtake the most nerve-wrecked listener. The classes at Hollins, though a great deal more common, are hardly inferior to these. French, Physiology and English III are especially recommended.

DRESS

EXPENSIVE dressing is an absolute requirement at the Hollins Sulphur Resort. In order to make the standing of this establishment equal that of the best in the country, we are compelled to require our patrons to pay a great deal of attention to their external adornment. At all public entertainments, patrons are expected to wear lace waists, with gaily colored scarfs, and large bows of variegated tulle under the chin or ear, and elaborate back-combs. Our climate is so extremely mild that lingerie waists, pumps with silk hose, and short sleeves are encouraged, even in our coldest weather. All baggage will be examined by Misses Parkinson and Buckner and all flannels will be confiscated.

BUILDINGS

AMERICA is frequently maligned on account of the scarcity of its picturesque ruins, but Hollins is a

notable exception to this rule. Each building is a landmark in history—a great pile of crumbling, ivy-covered architecture, supposedly dating from the time of one Carvan. The dining-room in particular is built on the style of Solomon's Temple, and is one of the most popular spots at the Sulphur Resort. The only modern building on the premises is the new Observatory which is even more modern than the Cocke Memorial. The present observatory is situated in the corner of the fence on the right hand side of the big gate (alias the bird house). Several picturesque and comfortable cottages are scattered throughout the campus; they are perfect relics of the prehistoric times when Joshua Bradley inhabited Hollins. Taking it all in all, there is no more perfect example extant of the preservation of beautiful America.

ATTRACTI0NS

A MOST unique attraction has been lately added to the many of the Hollins Sulphur Resort. This is the improved Taylor Cottage. For recommendations, see E. Witt and H. Barksdale.

A charming picture of rural simplicity and pastoral domesticity furnished by the life of the Turners, Bradleys, and Michaelises is one of the Hollins Sulphur Resort's greatest prides.

AMUSEMENTS

NO place is more popular and highly entertaining than the famous *Physics and Chemistry Laboratory*, conducted by Mr. Marion Estes Cocke—so popular, in fact, that the said Mr. Cocke has found it to his best interests to engage an assistant for the coming years. This room is well provided with the latest apparatus. For references for the hilarious joyousness caused by this amusement, see Misses Darlington, Forbes, Hall, Campbell, Crump, and others.

Browning Class.—This institution has one honor shared by no other amusement of the Hollins Sulphur Resort, except those classes honored by the presence of Mr. Cabell Taylor—that of being coeducational. It has the additional attraction of uncertainty, the members being required to guess whether to come on Friday or Tuesday. The price of admission to this class is one chair or two sofa pillows (all failing in this requirement will be compelled to sit on the floor!) A keen appreciation of the adorning tapestries is also desired. Greek Chorus composed of Misses Beck, Williamson Miller, Stone and Cleveland furnish a new element of interest, and Misses Parkinson and Hayward perform the duty of holding up the hands of the orator with great spirit and dash.

EXCURSIONS

IN this respect the Hollins Sulphur Resort is well up with the most famous institutions of its kind. Our patrons are given the benefit of a sight-seeing trip to our National Capitol every Easter (the time away from Hollins being between half a day, and at the most, two days,) and to Natural Bridge—the latter excursion being taken only during rainy weather.

Elocution Class.—Under the same management as the Browning Class we have the Elocution Annex, alias English II. The most striking feature of this is the bi-daily rendition of "The Bells" from 10 to 11 and 11 to 12.

Walking Around Campus.—This is probably our most exciting pastime at the Hollins Sulphur Resort, and a great deal of attention is paid to it by our officers. In fact our patrons are even allowed to walk on the grass, and one of its phases, that of standing on the snake, deserves particular notice. This may be indulged in from 7:57 to 8 a. m., from 1:53 to 2:00 p. m., but for some strange reason is studiously avoided between the hours of 4 to 6. An additional zest is given to this amusement in the twilight after chapel by the danger of being pounced upon by officers provided for the purpose.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

AMONG the famous people who have honored the Hollins Sulphur Resort by their patronage during the past season are: The only and original *Annie Darlington*, who has the distinction of having surpassed every other writer in the number of articles published in a given time, Shakespeare and Mark Twain being her only rivals. This peculiar person especially recommends the enjoyments of Miss Williamson's and Mr. Cummings's offices, the efficacy of the insomnia cures at Hollins and tranquil leisure of taking twelve classes.

"The world-renowned actress, writer, artist, prima donna, athlete, dancuse, dramatist, millionairess, wit, most influential, best dressed, handsomest, most popular girl in school, *Miss Louise Boss Murphy*."

Miss Murphy has handed this in for publication as her candid opinion of herself, coyly allowing us to add any further qualities we might choose, but further saying that her own modesty forbids her to do herself justice. Miss Murphy is one of the daintily feminine, clinging, sensitive type and such shyness is one of her most charming characteristics.

The famous Barksdale sisters, the members of the only religious trust in the United States, noted for having made the office of V. W. C. A. President hereditary.

But we point with greatest pride to our purely original excursions, which we flatter ourselves would never have been conceived by any but our Board of Trustees. These outings include our annual celebrated Tinker Trip upon which occasion we take all of our patrons weak enough to submit to it, for a constant and intermittent trudge to Tinker. This is conducted by our well known slave-driver, Mr. J. A. Turner, assisted by Miss Mary Pleasants, who brings up the rear with the bitter determination of a Caesar. The walk to the Falls is a unique way of administering the mud-bath to our patrons, and also splendid exercises for the acquirement of grace and pliancy are secured by climbing under and over fences, stones, and stubble. The promenade leading down the Main Boulevard of the beautiful city of Hollins is considered by the more materialistic of our patrons, our most pleasant one. Its terminus is the well-known emporium of S. McLaughlin, where any article from Huyler's to false teeth to eat it may be obtained. (In parenthesis we may state that none but millionaires need apply.) As a companion piece to this preambulation—we furnish also little journeys to the modistes, Mademoiselle Jeter and Madam Robinson. These, in common with the walk to the store, give the travelers a glimpse of the magnificently appointed buildings and beautiful thoroughfares of *Hollins City*.

HOLLINS SULPHUR RESORT

Miss Lulu Stedman Virden, who has made herself famous by her compilation of "A Model Spinster Staff" as follows:

Editor-in-Chief Lulu Stedman Virden—on account of her general brilliancy and genius as well as her wonderful talent for managing and criticising. Her popularity is also an item in her favor for this office.

First Associate Editor—Lulu S. Virden, whose quickness and dash qualify her to make the "SPINSTER" light and attractive.

Second Associate Editor, Lulu Virden—because this young lady's steadiness and calmness enable her to hold the "SPINSTER" down and give it a body of real worth and seriousness.

Third Associate Editor, L. S. Virden—since she has more pure genius for writing and if all others fail, can be counted upon to redeem the "Spinster" by her flashes of erratic genius and truly literary capability.

Art Editor, L. Stedman Virden—No other student of Hollins possesses one-half the artistic talent of Miss Virden. Not only can she draw, paint, and do charcoal effects with the talent of a Raphael, but her critical powers are unequalled. With this art student the "SPINSTER" can not fail to be a most artistic production.

Business Manager, L. Virden—On account of her unusual mathematical and business ability, her executive

talent, and clear head, my choice for this important individual is Miss Lulu S. Virden. She is perhaps the only Hollins girl who can make the "SPINSTER" a financial success.

Assistant Business Manager, Virden—Since no one but herself is capable to help her.

Miss Happy Crossland, the human fog horn, who is employed by our management to keep our patrons informed as to all tid-bits of fraternity gossip. The only spontaneous wit since the time of Bill Nye, and noted for her own keen appreciation of this quality in herself.

Miss Mildred Bradford, who has sought relief for her absolute indifference and ennui, gladly states that in this charming resort, she is less bored than else where. All who are acquainted with the *blasé* Miss Bradford will realize the praise in this recommendation. She is especially charmed with the proprietor's family.

Miss Florence Queenly Lockhart, who suffers from the same malady of boredom and lack of interest as Miss Bradford, has also found relief at the Hollins Sulphur Resort. In fact she has been a patron of this institution for the last twenty years, or so, and although the improvement in her mental state seems hardly appreciable to the casual observer, she claims that by omitting Math, Latin, Logic, Physics, Chemis-

HOLLINS SULPHUR RESORT

try Psychology, IV English and several others she will be able to obtain a degree in a few more seasons.

Miss Claudia Wood, whose delicate health has forbidden any strenuous exertions, heartily recommends the Hollins Sulphur resort as a tranquil, soothing place for convalescence. Although Miss Wood's illness prevents her taking much interest in the amusements of this establishment, in her moments of recuperation, they seem to awaken a gleam of interest in her tired and saddened eyes. She especially commends the insomnia and loss of appetite cures.

Miss Gay Montague is pointed to with great pride, and the H. S. R. is most decidedly to be congratulated upon the patronage of this distinguished Virginian. Is not the name of ex-Governor Montague near and dear to the hearts of all man-kind—from Kalamazoo to Timbuctoo, from Roanoke to Hollins? And do not the patrons of the H. S. R. have the most intimate family secrets of this prominent citizen served to them for breakfast, lunch and dinner? You will soon learn to talk as if you yourself actually knew him, and then, your success in society, war and politics is assured!

P. Ph. Another great pride of the H. S. R. is in the possession of the most original club in existence. All sorores must be both spendid base ball

players and of strange erratic genius—a combination of abilities rare in Summer Resort patrons.

The entire secrecy of the organization is quite interesting, the minute insignia of the society almost defying detection; still as nearly as can be determined by the naked eye, resemble weapons of battle and thus strike terror to the chicken-hearted on all sides. On account of this badge and their perfect silence on the subject, it is believed that their motive is a fearful one, and we would caution our readers that, in the words of the Prayer-Book, "Though their words are as butter, yet they are very swords."

Miss Elizabeth Dearborn. This great literary genius, far-famed as associate editor of the Hollins Quarterly, and literary critic, is lavish in her praises of the H. S. R. She claims to have gained four pounds since her arrival two years ago, but some pronounce this statement impossible. Miss Dearborn's latest work is entitled "What Other People Should Do, Say, and Write, and Why Don't They Take My Advice?"

Ethel Gloster Norton. None of our patrons need ever fear solitude since Miss Norton we have always with us. In her keen desire for the company of others she gives up all other interests for their careful and studious entertainment. On the slightest provo-

cation she eats with you, sleeps with you, talks with you, walks with you, and never seems to lose an atom of her joyous abandon.

Miss Margaret Apperson, who travels so extensively, has very little time for recreation at a summer resort, but so intensely fond is she of the Hollins Sulphur Resort that she has engaged accommodations there for the whole year, so that she can have a room of her own even for the brief stop overs which occur probably twice a year.

Miss Margaret Louise Hall, the only person of the literary world of today who can write an essay in five minutes and a drama in seven and yet never falter in her conviction of a 98. Miss Hall especially recommends the business management of Hollins Sulphur Resort—in fact she has honored us so highly as to take lessons in this art

from our Mr. Turner, in whose praises she is ever enthusiastic. Miss Hall is taking a severe treatment for her peculiar sensitiveness, and if she returns for three or four seasons, we feel sure that in time she may hope to have the adjective "sensible" applied to her.

Miss Eilen Caskie Witt, the head sympathizer-in-chief to the world at large, adds a great deal to the attractiveness of our establishment. With her quick, incisive speech and brisk manners she brings one instantly from an atmosphere of deep despair into a cheerful, happy frame of mind. Yet her innate coldness and indifference keep her aloof from most of her companions, though she seems to appreciate the pleasures of the Hollins Sulphur Resort, and promises to spend her summers here for the next eight or ten years.





THE STAGE

A RIVAL BY REQUEST

HOLLINS THEATER, February 25, 1907

THE CAST

WALTER PIERSON	L. Murphy
WINTHROP SMYTHE	H. Steiner
ROBERT BURNETT	C. Wood
BENJAMIN BRIGGS	H. Barksdale
LORD ANTHONY ALBERT McMULLIN	F. Lockhart
ALEXANDER MUGGINS	P. Hunter
MRS. BURNETT	Rebekah Phillips
MRS. BRIGGS	Gertrude Crossland
ELIZA BRIGGS	Rose Hayward
MARGARET BURNETT	Wilella Rainer
MRS. CHATTERTON	Helen Kenley

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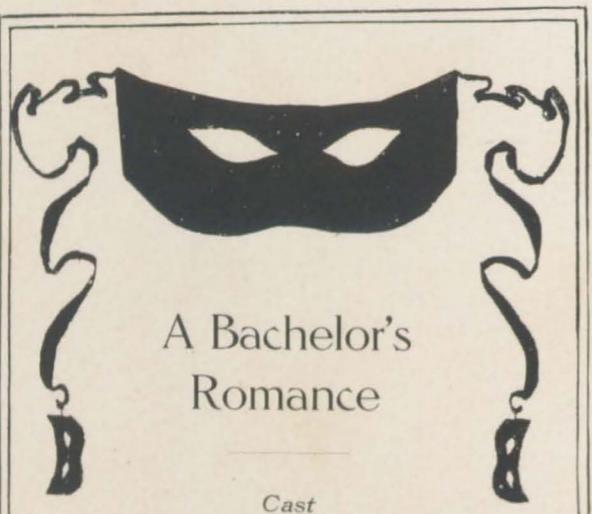
Nathan Hale

Cast

NATHAN HALE (Yale 1773).....	F. Lockhart
GUY FITZROY.....	M. Bradford
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL KNOWLTON.....	L. Armitage
CAPTAIN ADAMS.....	H. Steiner
CUNNINGHAM.....	E. Ficklin
EBENEZER LEBANON.....	E. Ficklin
TOM ADAMS.....	H. Kenly
WILLIAM HULL (Yale 1773).....	Williamson
THE JEFFERSON BOY.....	Tiny Fontaine
THE TALBOT BOY.....	"Pin" Kenley
JASPER.....	H. Barksdale
SENTINEL.....	H. Steiner
THREE SOLDIERS.....	{ Carney McFall Barksdale
CONTINENTAL SOLDIERS.....	Oates : Hobbie
MRS. KNOWLTON.....	B. Johnstone
ANGELICA KNOWLTON.....	W. Rainer
WIDOW CHICK.....	E. Baker
Alice Adams.....	C. Forbes

School Boys and Girls





A Bachelor's Romance

Cast

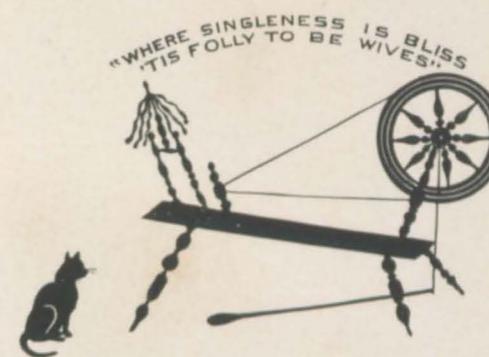
DAVID HOLMES.....	L. B. Murphy
GERALDE HOLMES.....	C. C. Woods
MARTIN BEGGS	C. Harlan
HAROLD REYNOLDS.....	F. Seligman
MR. MULBERRY.....	E. W. Ramsay
ARCHIBALD SAVAGE LYTTON.....	A. Jones
HELEN LE GRANE.....	Rose P. Hayward
HARRIET LEICESTER.....	Gertrude Oberhofer
MISS CLEMENTINA.....	Sophia Tillman
SYLVIA.....	Phoebe Hunter

Play Committee

CLAUDIA WOOD

LOUISE MURPHY

ELLEN WITT





Finis



DEAR GIRLS:

You have made my past only shadows of golden sunshine, but now that I am growing old and my hair is silver and my brow deepened with age, you will be patient, I know, with an old lady who loves you, and lives only to make life sweet for the Hollins girls. Nine years—a life spent in loving service is coming to a close, and although my hand is feeble, my heart is full of love and ambition for all that is good and true in your school life—and that the future may be a rose and gold vista for you—is the desire of your

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EUPOLIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Hollins Carnegies

(*Being a few letters selected at random from a day's mail of the Euepian and Euzelian Literary Societies.*)

The Athletic Association of Hollins, feeling deeply its humiliation at never having paid a cent for SPINSTER representation, would like to state to the Euzelian and Euepian Societies that the donation of their debts, amounting in all to one thousand two hundred and fifty-eight dollars and eighty-four cents, and the construction of an artificial lake at the rear of the athletic grounds, would be considered timely. The Association and the Societies are so closely united in their work that we shall be glad to contribute our part—that is to discuss the proposition with your committee at any time you may see fit.

W. COOP, President.

To the Literary Societies:

As Founder's Day has been woefully neglected in past years, we have deemed it so necessary to establish a dignified celebration of this day as to be willing to present you with the use of the Chapel, if the Societies will procure an orator. Of course, the demands upon your purses are so few and so small that it will be extremely easy for you to defray any speaker's expenses and pay him well for his services. Again, you will see the advantage of having the buildings handsomely decorated, and of having a nine-course banquet at six. The Committee will furnish the toasts on this occasion. Please send your check at once.

M. WILLIAMSON.

The Euepian and Euzelian Literary Societies:

THE SPINSTER, having spent all her funds in conducting her Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager to Roanoke, and in buying programs for their dramatic productions, wishes to suggest that it would be a delicate attention if the Societies would have Stone's bill for six hundred and eighty-seven thousand, three hundred and twenty-five dollars settled *at once*.

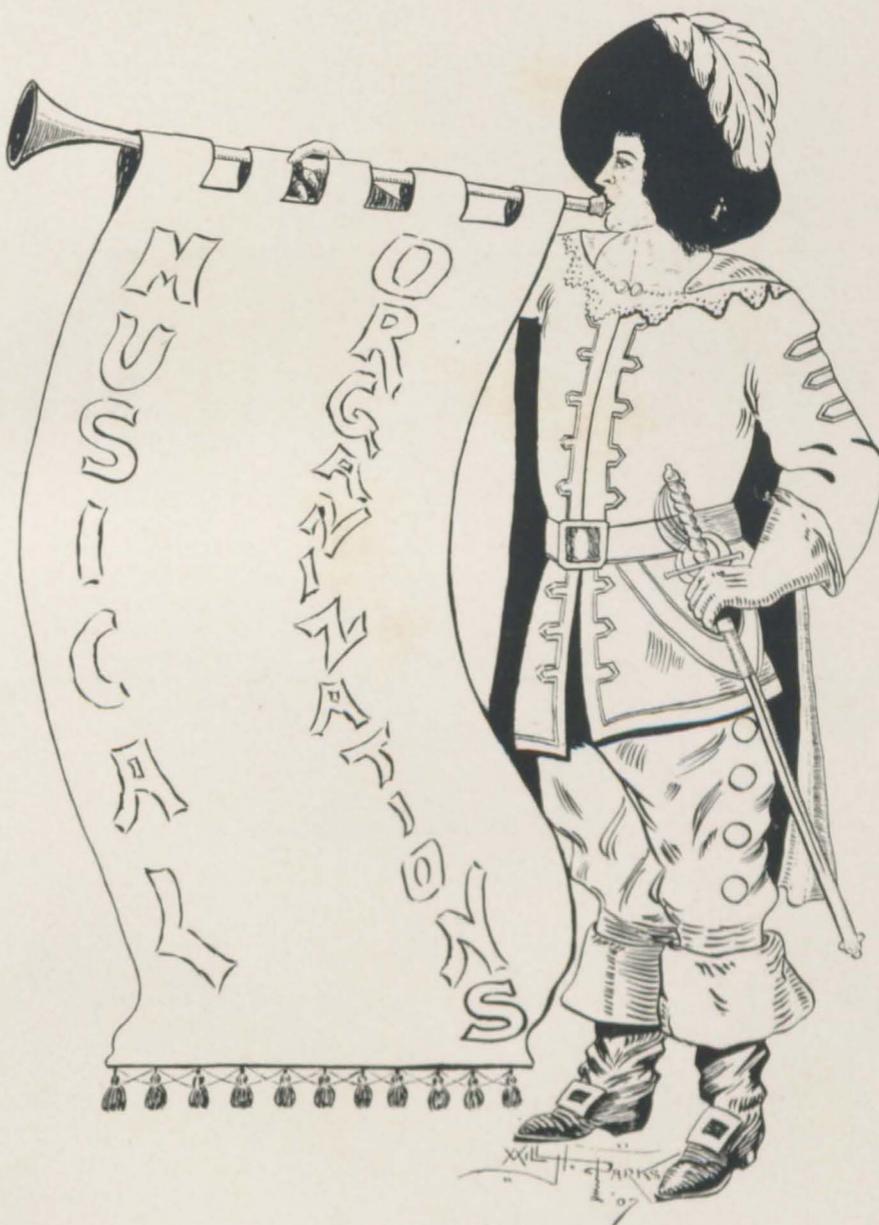
H. LALL.

The Y. W. C. A. of Hollins is this year in sad need of filthy lucre, and knowing the hidden treasure of her secular sisters, would plead with them to send only seventy-nine sisters to the Asheville Convention.

B. HARKSDALE.

The Alumnae Library wishes to notify the Euzelian and Euepian Societies that eight hundred editions-de-luxe of Fox's "Lives of the Christian Martyrs," and one thousand of Stockton's "Houseboat on the Styx," have been ordered and charged to their account, since the Librarian knew they could easily afford such an insignificant gift.

B. S. MAYNE.



CHAPEL CHOIR

CLAUDIA WOOD

NAOMI ATWATER

TINA FONTAINE

EDYTHE ATWOOD

EDITH CALLAGHAN

PEARL HUDSON

SALLIE GREY SHEPHERD

ELIZABETH DARLINGTON

VIRGINIA ATWOOD

LUCY BROWN

ORA TURNER

ADA BELL

LILLIAN PERREY

INEZ THOMPSON

BENTLEY WYSOR



Glee Club

LOUISE MURPHY *Leader*

CLAUDIA WOOD

LA VERNE BRUCE

SOPHIE TILLMAN

MARGARET CHEWNING

LOUISE CLARKE

ELLEN LYNN MOLTON

REBEKAH PHILLIPS

MAY COLLINS

ROSE HAYWARD

JEANNE WHEELER

PHOEBE HUNTER

TERESE NURNEY

LORA CRUMP

GERTRUDE OBERHALTZEN

FLORENCE LOCKHART

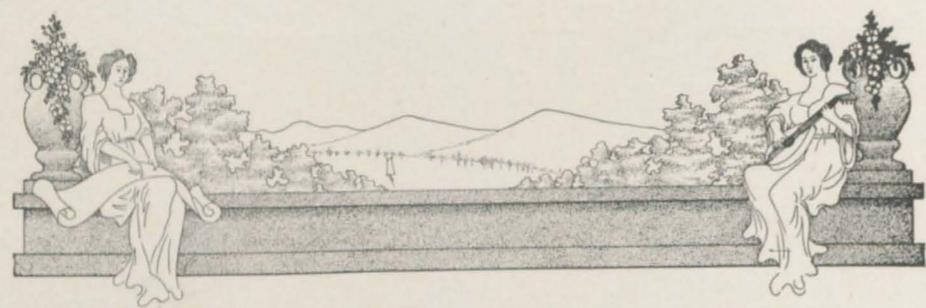
CORNELIA ELLIS

ELIZABETH DOWNES

MAE BELLE COSBY

ANNIE DARLINGTON

ELIZABETH DARLINGTON



Hollins Orchestra

MR. E. B. MICHAELIS.....*Director*

Violins

LAVERNE BRUCE

MAE BELL COSBY

CARRIE POOLE

DR. PLEASANTS

MR. MICHAELIS

MISS LEONORA COCKE

Piano

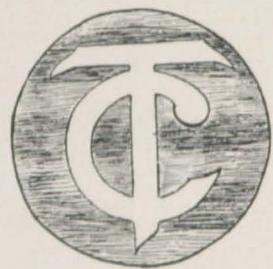
MRS. E. B. MICHAELIS

Cello

MR. W. R. SCHMIDT



We are born
to, or have
thrust
upon us





TENNESSEE CLUB





KENTUCKY CLUB



Texas Club

LOUISE MURPHY	President
ANNA JONES.....	Vice-President
ELLIE MILLS.....	Secretary and Treasurer
CONSTANCE HARLAN	Marlin
ELIZABETH HARLAN.....	Marlin
CARRIE JONES.....	San Antonio
ANNIE LEFTWICH.....	Dallas
ANNIE HOUSTON.....	Cuero
LOUISE NICHOLS.....	Smithville
CLARE DENMAN	San Antonio
LOUISE MURPHY	Dallas
ANNA JONES.....	San Antonio
ELLIE MILLS.....	Sherman
HAZEL WALKER.....	Fort Worth
MURIEL WICKS	Houston
MAMIE WILLIAMS	Denison
NETTIE MAYNARD	Bastrop
THEDA SHOLARS	Orange
SUSIE BRISCOE	Richmond
GEORGIA BRISCOE	Richmond
MARGARET MAYER.....	San Antonio
FLORINE DOLLIE SELIGMANN	Seguin
IRENE SANDIDGE	Fort Worth

Tar Heel Club

Colors

Blue and White

Song

Carolina

Officers

LALAGE OATES	<i>President</i>
HELEN KENLEY	<i>Vice-President</i>
BESSIE ALBRIGHT	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

Members

MARGARET SMITH	Wilmington
GLADYS CUMMINGS.....	Reedsville
MARION MOIR	Winston
HELEN KENLEY	Wilmington
LILLIAN KENLEY	Wilmington
EDWINA LOCKETT.....	Winston
MILDRED SMITH	Wilmington
ELLEN KERSEY.....	Wilson
ELIZABETH RODGERS	Raleigh
BESSIE ALBRIGHT	Wilmington
BELL HEYER.....	Wilmington
LALAGE OATES	Asheville



TAR HEEL CLUB

STONE
Photographer



West Virginia Club

Officers

MILDRED BRADFORD President
HATTIE MOORE Vice-President

Members

E. BAKER	E. SCHOEW
G. COLLINS	N. SUDDETH
D. GILCHRIST	E. STAMM
H. HENRITZE	R. TURNER
G. JENKINS	M. TALBOTT
M. JENKINS	L. THOMPSON
L. MOORE	O. TURNER
H. SHANKLIN	F. WRIGHT
A. SHIELDS	M. YEAGER



South Carolina Club

Colors

Gold and White

Flower

Daisy

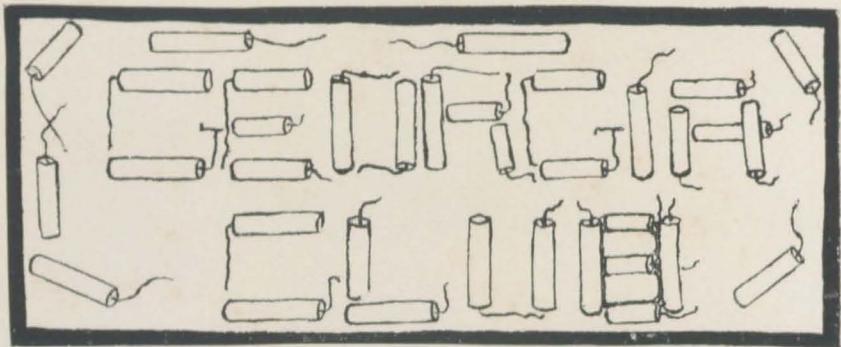
Song

"Down where the Cotton Blossoms Grow"

CARRIE POOL President

Members

MOZELLE ALDERMAN	Alcolu
MARTHA ALDERMAN	Alcolu
RUTH COGBURN	Edgefield
JULIA GRESHAM	Marion
PAULINE LAWTON	Hartsville
MAYSIE LYLES	Columbia
EDITH McFALL	Charleston
ALLYN MARTIN	Blufton
BESSIE MAJOR	Anderson
CARRIE POOL	Newberry
EUDORA RAMSAY	Charleston
SOPHIA TILLMAN	Trenton
ELSIE WELBORN	Anderson
MR F. A. CUMMINGS	Spartanburg



Colors

Red and Black

Song

"In Dear Old Georgia"

Motto

"Eat and Run"

Officers

MYRTIE FELTON President

OLIVE BUTTS Vice-President

NAOMI ATWATER Secretary and Treasurer

Honorary Members

MRS. ELLA COCKE

MRS. LUCIAN COCKE

MRS. A. J. CUTHBERTSON



GEORGIA CLUB



Capitol Club

Officers

ELLEN WITT	<i>President</i>
LOUISE CLARKE	<i>Vice-President</i>
LORA CRUMP.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

Members

EMILY BURTON	LAURA ARMITAGE
INEZ KENDRICK	MARGARET KENDRICK
LUCY ANDERSON	MARY CARNEAL
MARGARET CHEWNING	NELL CARNEAL
	GAY MONTAGUE
	MAY ROLLINS



Alabama Club

Song
Alabama

Motto
Meet to eat

Colors
Red and White

Officers

LULU VIRDEN	<i>President</i>
HELEN STEINER	<i>Vice-President</i>
MAY COLLINS	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

Members

MAY COLLINS.....	Birmingham
MAE BELLE COSBY	Birmingham
DORA DAVIDSON	Montgomery
ELIZABETH DEARBORN	Birmingham
ELLEN DICKERSON	Birmingham
CLARA ELLEN FORBES.....	Montgomery
MARY GRIGGS	Birmingham
GERTRUDE JOHNSTONE	Montgomery
CAREY JOHNSON	Birmingham
TERRY TRUX LACKLAND	Grove Hill
ELLEN LINN MOLTON	Birmingham
ETHEL NORTON	Birmingham
WILELLA RAINER	Union Springs
SAIDA SELIGMAN	Eufala
HELEN SLATTER	Selma
HELEN STEINER	Montgomery
LULU VIRDEN	Montgomery
FLORENCE WEATHERLY	Birmingham



Hill City Club

Lynchburg

Colors
Green and Mud

Motto
We, for the city of Seven Hills!

Members

RUBIE RAE SMITH	President
SELENE NORVELLE RADFORD	Secretary and Treasurer
MARGARET APPERSON	EDYTH ATWOOD
VIRGINIA ATWOOD	CHARLOTTE CLARK
PERKINS HORSLEY	MAE LAZARUS
MARGARET MYERS	JANIE WILKINS

Honorary Member

MISS ROBERTA MILLER



Cotillion Club

Officers

L. B. MURPHY	<i>President</i>
M. E. McFALL	<i>Vice-President</i>
E. C. HOBBIE	<i>Treasurer</i>
M. S. BRADFORD	<i>Secretary</i>

Members

F. K. LOCKHART	S. PERRY
E. P. DEARBORN	
H. STEINER	T. B. NURNEY
R. P. HAYWARD	
L. ROGERS	E. ALBRIGHT



COTILLION CLUB





Pikers

FLORENCE LOCKHART	Piker
REBEKAH PHILLIP	Old Sport
JEANNE WHEELER	Young Sport
ROSE HAYWARD	Lucky
LOUISE CLARKE	Tenderfoot
LIZZIE ROGERS	Barker



Color

Lantern Light

Watchword

Sh-sh-ssss

Song

"I'll be there" [at 10:30]

Chosen Few

HELEN STEINER	Peter Pincher
LOUISE CLARKE.....	Snickering Sneezer
CORBIN HOBBIE	Jabbering Jabberwac
LULU VIRDEN	Gobbling Galula
ELLEN WITT	Grub Grabber
MARGARET CHEWNING	Rolicking Roarer
ELIZABETH DEARBORN	Hasty Hider
ELLEN LINN MOLTON	Sleepy Slunk
LOUISE CARPENTER	Motley Mucker

Honorary Member

MRS. CUTHBERTSON

ANNA JONES

CARRIE JONES

ANNIE HOUSTON

HELEN MOORE

CLARE DENMAN

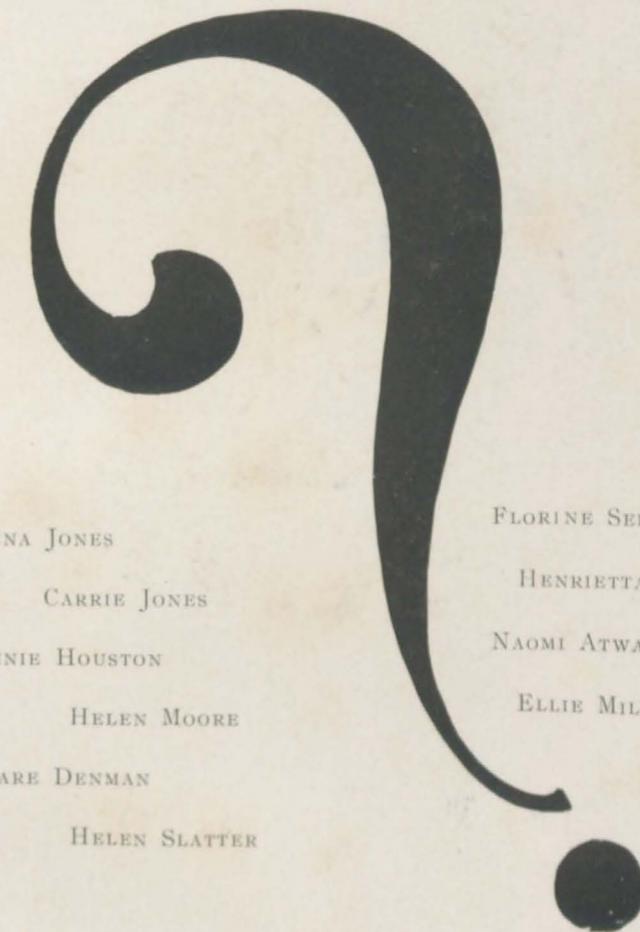
HELEN SLATTER

FLORINE SELIGMANN

HENRIETTA TAYLOR

NAOMI ATWATER

ELLIE MILLS





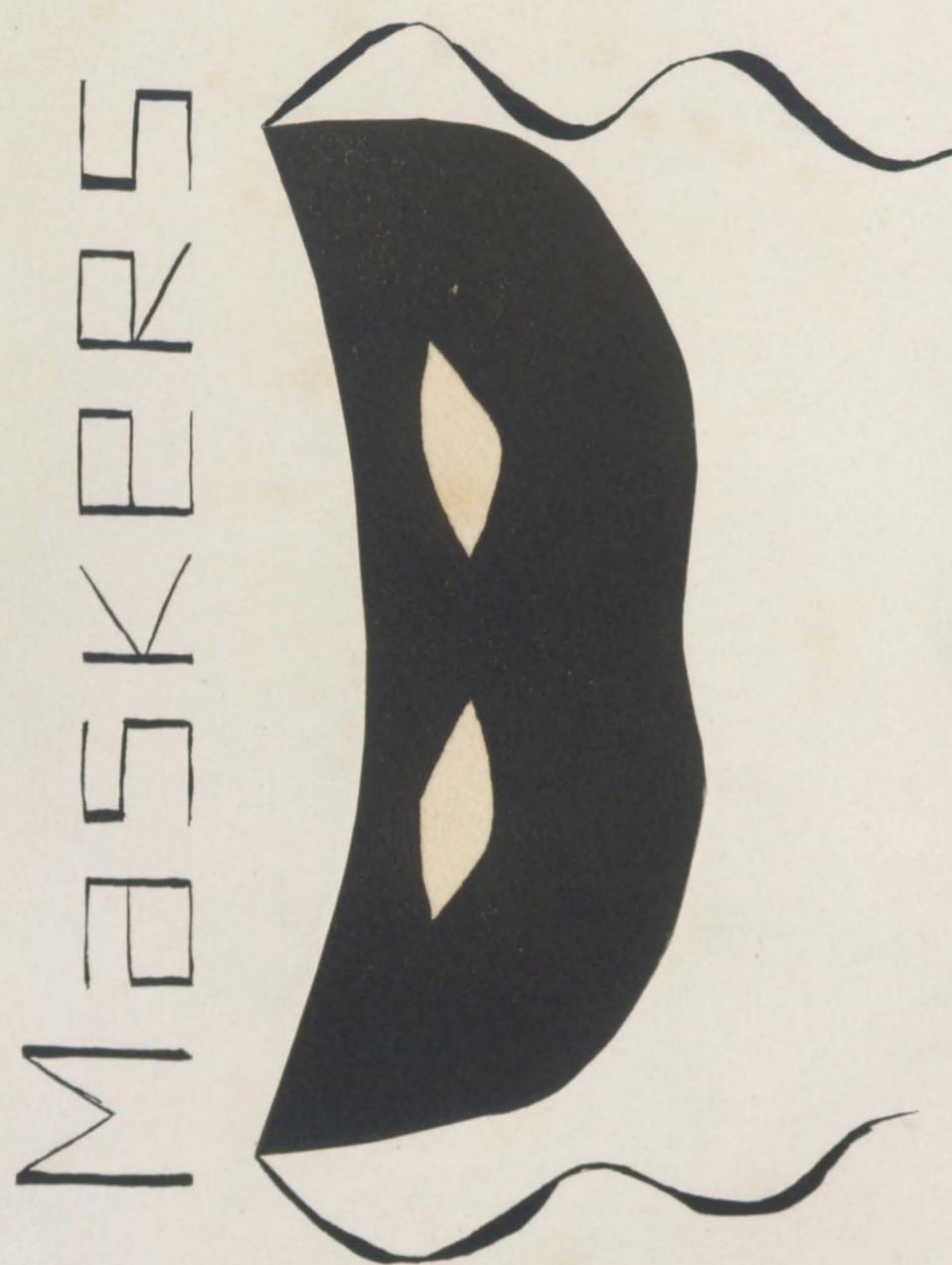
Night Hawks



Strikers

Members

GERTRUDE CROSSLAND	IONE CARNEY	MAME JENNINGS
EDITH McFALL	LOUISE WATKINS	SOPHIE TILLMAN
MILDRED BRADFORD	Alice Allen	SULLY HAYWARD
Louise Murphy	FLORENCE WEATHERLY	



D. F. F.



Watchword

"More"

Motto

Practice Makes Perfect Pigs



LOUISE HALL

"Watchman, tell us of the night" "Taint no disgrace to run when you are scared"

CLAUDIA WOOD

"Man wants but little here below"

ANNA CAMPBELL

"Take it away"

LALAGE OATES

"Pig, with all thy faults, I love thee still"

CORBIN HOBBIE

"Good-night ladies"

REBECCA PORTER

"Please go 'way and let me sleep"

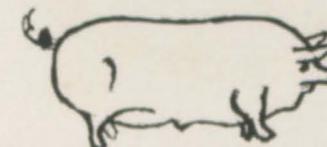


HELEN STEINER

"Eat not to live; live to eat"

ROSEBUD HOBSON

"Positively my last appearance"



Crow



APPERSON

CARPENTER

CHEWNING

HOLLAND

OATES

PORTER

STEINER

WITT

C A W!



Prowlers

ALBRIGHT

GRIGGS

WADDELL

MAYER

GILCHRIST

MOORE

SMITH

STAMM

WILLIAMS

WALKER
TRUE



MINERS

SUDDUTH

SHIELDS

HENRITZE

RUCKER

M.JENKINS

MOORE

SCHOEW

G.JENKINS

WRIGHT



DRAMATIC CLUB



LOUISE MURPHY President

GERTRUDE CROSSLAND

ROSE HAYWARD

REBEKAH PHILLIPS

LOUISE CLARKE

MILDRED BRADFORD

FLORENCE LOCKHART

GERTRUDE JOHNSTONE

EDITH MC FALL

SOPHIE TILLMAN

P. Ph.

Members

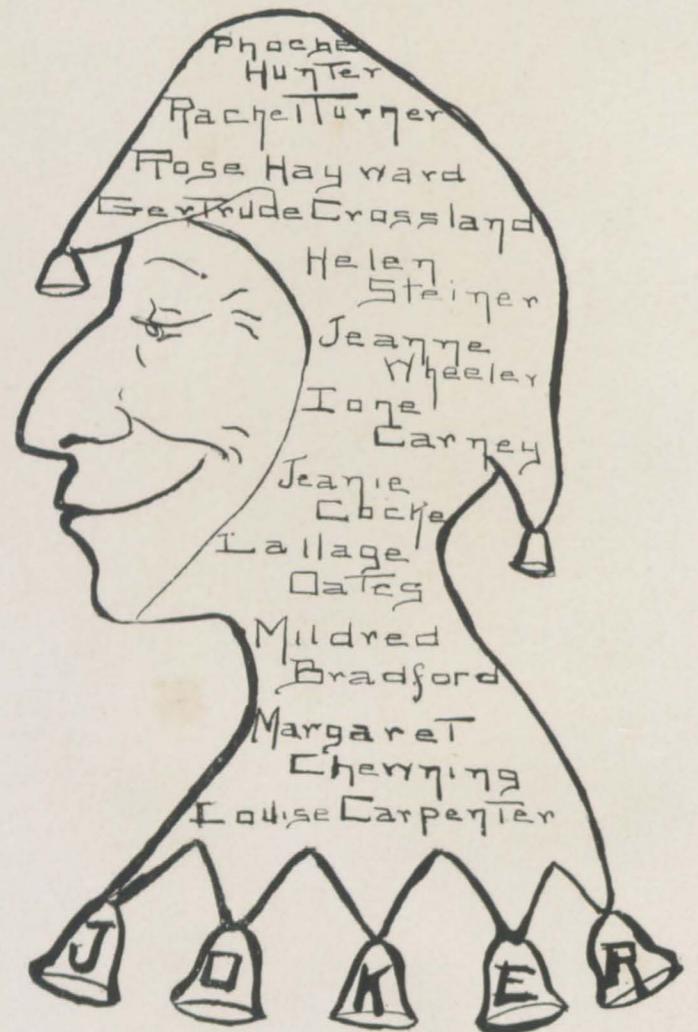
ANNIE DARLINGTON	Washington, D. C
MYRTIE FELTON.....	Georgia
VIRGINIA WILLIAMSON	Virginia
ELIZABETH DARLINGTON.....	Washington, D. C.
JULIA NICHOL.....	Virginia
MARY GRIGGS	Georgia
LAURA E. ARMITAGE.....	Virginia

Honorary Member

MR. J. J. DARLINGTON	Washington, D. C.
----------------------------	-------------------



P. Ph.



S. G.

Motto

Gaudeamus igitur
Juvenae dum sumus

Colors

Green and Gray

Members

LUCY GREY ANDERSON	Virginia
EULA MAXFIELD	Arkansas
JULIA SLOAN GRESHAM	South Carolina
EMILY FORE BURTON	Virginia
TERRY TRUX LACKLAND	Alabama
JANIE LAWSON	Virginia
LULA MAE LUCK	Virginia
LOUISE MOORE	West Virginia
AMERICA SEAY	Virginia

Honorary Member

DR. A. T. L. KUSIAN	Hollins, Virginia
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- K - K - K -

MAY FLOWERS COLLINS

CLARA ELLEN FORBES

BERNEY RAY WADDELL

ETHEL GLOSTER NORTON

ELLEN JONES DICKERSON

DORA LEE DAVIDSON

GERTRUDE JOHNSTONE



L. S.

First and Last Chapter, Hollins, Virginia

Members

JANIE COCKE	Roanoke, Virginia
CHARLOTTE CLARK.....	Lynchburg, Virginia
HELEN STEINER	Montgomery, Alabama
LOUISE CARPENTER	Clifton Forge, Virginia
MARGARET CHEWNING	Richmond, Virginia
BESSIE HOLLAND	Suffolk, Virginia



A Frat's a Frat For A' That

Drama in One Act

Dramatis Personæ

ROSE HAYWARD.....	A P
BECKY PHILIPS.....	I O II
EDITH MCFALL.....	Φ M P
CLAUDIA WOOD.....	X Σ
BECKY PORTER.....	K Δ
ELIZABETH DEARBORN.....	Δ T B
ELIZABETH TRUE.....	Φ M
MARGUERITE TALBOT.....	Σ Σ Σ

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Sulphur Spring.* Two girls—Rose Hayward and Becky Philips—sitting arm in arm, talking very confidentially in undertones.

R. H.—I declare, I never heard of anything to equal the way the frats are doing now.—taking in perfect infants in arms. Why, they won't have anybody over fourteen. It's perfectly outrageous!

B. PHILIPS.—That's the truth. Why, Mr. Turner told me yesterday that the Kindergarten Jolls tried to pledge Mary Van, with the idea that she had already reached their age limit.

R. H.—What's the limit?

B. P.—The Sigma Sigma Sigma's.

R. H.—I mean the *K Δ* age limit.

B. PHILIPS.—Two years. They put Mary Van eight months too old, so they have to wait till next year.

(Enter E. Dearborn and C. Wood.)

C. W.—Do you know that Mary Wortham and Mary Chandler have come?

R. H.—Oh, when?

E.D.—About half an hour ago. They brought the cutest toys to the *K Δ*'s—dolls, rocking-horses, drums, and everything else. They're all tickled to death.



C. W.—And the two Mary's are rocking Florie and Mayme to sleep now. I heard them consoling each other by the remark that in seven or eight years, if all the present chapter came back, the *K Δ*'s would be among the leading frats in school.

B. PHILIPS.—Speaking of angels, here comes a member of the Infant Brigade now.

(Enter B. Porter, panting.)

B. PORTER.—Oh! Have you heard the latest?

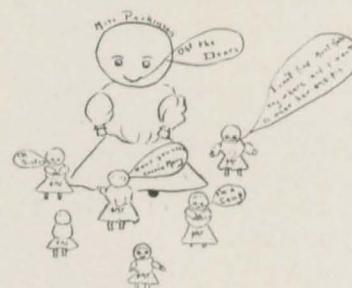
ALL.—No; what?

B. PORTER.—The $\Phi M I$'s have taken in that little idiot, X. Y. Z. I saw them do it.

R. H.—Bet on you, Becky. What did they say?

B. PORTER (confidentially).—They told her that the only reason they asked her was because they had just found out that she was seventh cousin to an aunt-in-law of the step-mother of a $\Phi M I$ who came here four years ago.

B. PHILIPS.—Was that all?



B. PORTER.—No. They said they were influenced by one other consideration—the fact that she didn't have anything but sub. classes.

C. W.—That makes the seventeenth $\Phi M I$. Why, if they keep on at this rate, it'll soon be more of an honor not to be a member than to be one. Come on, Elizabeth; let's go down to the stile and get those apples I left there yesterday.

(Exeunt C. W. and E. D.)

R. H.—Haven't the $J T B$'s retired from public life?

B. PHILIPS.—Shades of "Rusty" and Brent, they surely have! Not an honor to their names, have they?

B. PORTER.—Indeed they have. Don't tell me you've forgotten that Banks made the Yemassee team even before she made $J T B$; the very reason they're so crazy about her is because her honor reminds them of their past glory. Haven't you ever heard any little joke about $J T$ Banks?

R. H.—Oh, yes, yes! But they certainly have quieted down, though. Why, they haven't even continued their little habit of last year, of taking in members by correspondence and telephone.

B. PHILIPS.—Sh! They're coming back; I know Elizabeth heard you. I'm going to make Claudia give me an apple.

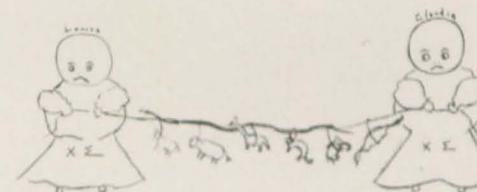
(Exit.)

ELIZABETH (Entering).—I certainly do like old Claudia fine. She said the $X \Sigma$ —

(Enter Edith McFall.)

E. M.— $X \Sigma$ did I hear? I was just getting ready to tell you all a very attractive story I had heard about them. It's an allegory, and is called "The Origin of the Chi Zoo."

ALL.—Please tell it to us.



E. M.—I had every intention of doing that very thing. Well, you know, Hollins has always made a point of keeping up with the very latest styles and fashions, and so when Miss Matty heard that there were large zoölogical gardens in Washington, New York, London, and many other places, and realized that here Hollins was lacking, she was consumed with mortification. Immediately she sent for her ablest and most trusted student, Roy Denman, and offered her immunity from senior privileges if she would

immediately start an organization to rival any in the country. Dazzled by the prospect of so large a reward, Roy set to work, and in the space of a few days had established the X Zoo, X symbolizing the unknown quantity. I'll let you discover the moral, also, after the manner of Stockton in the "Lady and the Tiger," I'll leave you to decide whether or not Miss Matty was satisfied. Wasn't it smart of me to find out about all that?

E. D.—It certainly was; I never dreamed you had that much sense, Edith. Really, it's an improvement on Aesop.

R. H. (*rousing from deep reverie*).—I can beat that. Why are the ΦM 's like Minerva, a mushroom, and water?

B. PORTER.—Shucks! Everybody knows why they are like a mushroom—because when nobody was looking for it, they sprang up in one day and disappeared in another.

R. H.—Well, how about Minerva?

E. D.—Give up.



R. H.—Minerva jumped, full-grown, from Jupiter's brain; ΦM appeared, fully formed, from Virginia Willingham's head.

E. M.—Such brilliancy I never heard! And the water?

R. H.—When somebody in—the Bible, I believe—struck a rock, water came out; when Maggie Myers struck Hollins, ΦM came out.

E. D.—Oh, Rose, come off!

R. H. (*offended*).—Well, if that's the way you all take my wit, I'll go out and walk with Becky. I know she and Claudia are tired of each other, anyhow. (*Exit*.)

C. W. (*entering*).—The $I \theta H$'s certainly are attractive *this year*.

E. D.—I wonder why.



C. W.—Haven't you read enough *Smart Sets* to know that anybody with a past behind her is interesting. When you consider them in past years, you can't help admiring them and thinking they're fine now.

B. PORTER.—Sorter *Nouveau-Riche* idea?

C. W.—Um—well—

(Enter Elizabeth True.)

E. T.—Becky, Mug Talbot asked me to tell you that she couldn't possibly leave Lila long enough to come down here to keep her date with you.

B. PORTER.—All right; thanks.

C. W.—Surely, Becky, you didn't expect her to leave Lila long enough to come here, did you? Why, $\Sigma \Sigma \Sigma$ is the most interesting frat in school, for they have meetings all the time—morning, noon and night. Such loyalty to one's sorority is really inspiring—

E. M.—And those scorching glancing glances Miss P. gives them at prelims, when they occupy that bench of magnificent distances by themselves, are a liberal education.



B. PORTER.—But I think the funniest thing about them is the way the name, tri-Sigma, fitted the three of them for the first six months this winter.

E. T.—Who are those girls wandering around there? Oh, it's Rose Hayward and Becky Philips! Isn't it strange how the Naughty-Naughts and *I O U*'s go together this year?

E. M.—I don't think so. If you'd been here a few minutes ago you'd have heard a disquisition of Claudia's on the advantage of a past to make the G. O. P.'s entertaining, and as the Naughty-Naughts are somewhat staid and custom-bound, they probably became a little—er—a—uninteresting to themselves at times, and so they and the G. O. P.'s just match each other. They're coming in here now.



(Enter R. H. and B. Philips.)

R. H.—The bell's rung, so I reckon we'd better go up.

C. W. (*dipping up a cup of sulphur water and holding it out*).—Well, before we leave, let's drink one toast to the truth of Burn's remark, "A frat's a frat for a' that!"

(Curtain.)



Sororities

In the Order of Establishment at Hollins

Delta Tau Beta

Phi Mu Gamma

Naughty Naught—(A P)

Kappa Delta

Gamma Omicron Pi

Sigma Sigma Sigma

Phi Mu

Chi Sigma



SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO.,
BOSTON



DELTA TAU BETA

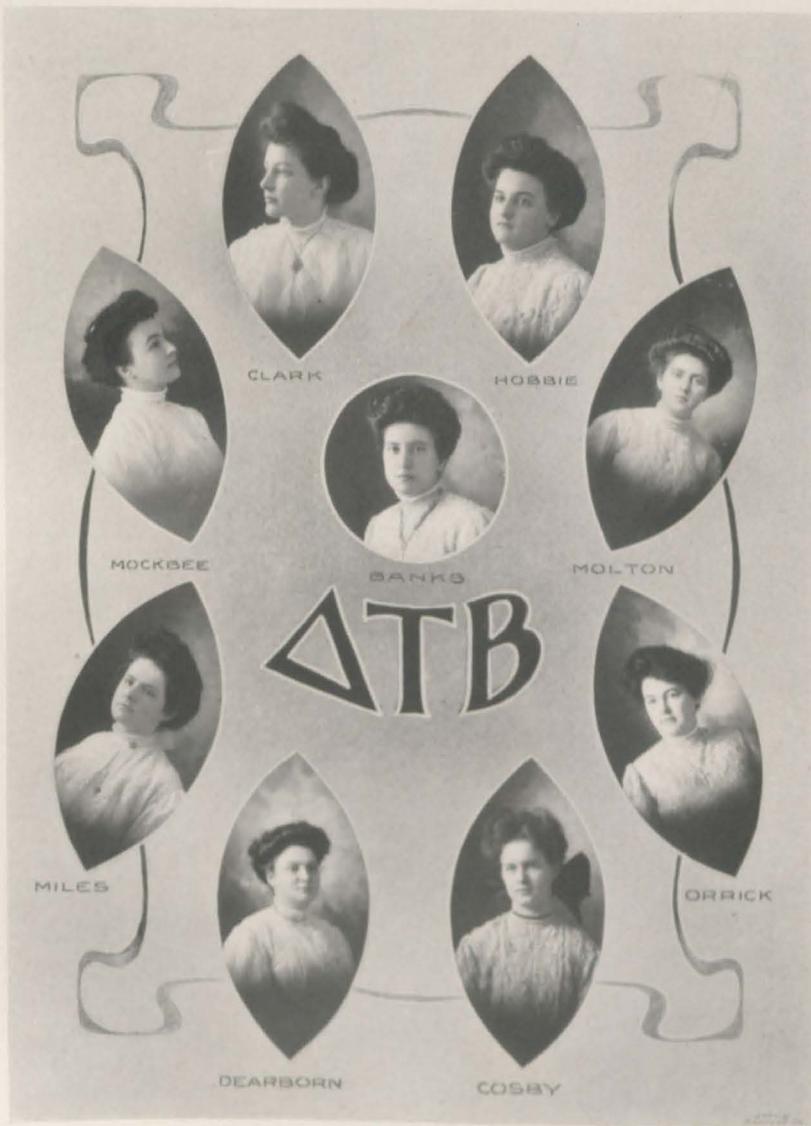
FOUNDED 1890

CHARTERED 1907

SORORES

GLADYS ELAINE BANKS
CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS CLARK
MAE BELLE COSBY
ELIZABETH PATTON DEARBORN
EMMA CORBIN HOBBIE
MARY REBECCA MILES
KATHRYN ISADON MOCKBEE
ELLEN LINN MOLTON
CORNELIA HERBERT ORRICK
LILLIAN MILLER KENLY







Phi Mu Gamma

Organized 1898 Chartered 1902

ALPHA CHAPTER, Hollins, Virginia

BETA CHAPTER, New York

DELTA CHAPTER, New York

GAMMA CHAPTER, Gainesville, Georgia

THETA CHAPTER, Marion, Alabama

Alpha Chapter

PAULINE LAWTON	South Carolina
MARY EDITH MCFALL	South Carolina
LORA CRUMP	Virginia
IONE CARNEY	Virginia
MILDRED BRADFORD	West Virginia
ELIZABETH THATCHER	Kentucky
MAYSIE LYLES	South Carolina
ELIZABETH ARMISTEAD	Virginia
JULIA WOODCOCK	Kentucky
LETA CAMP	Florida
PHOEBE HUNTER	Pennsylvania
GRACE BRYAN	Nebraska





Naughty-Naught

Established 1900

Errare est humanum

Colors

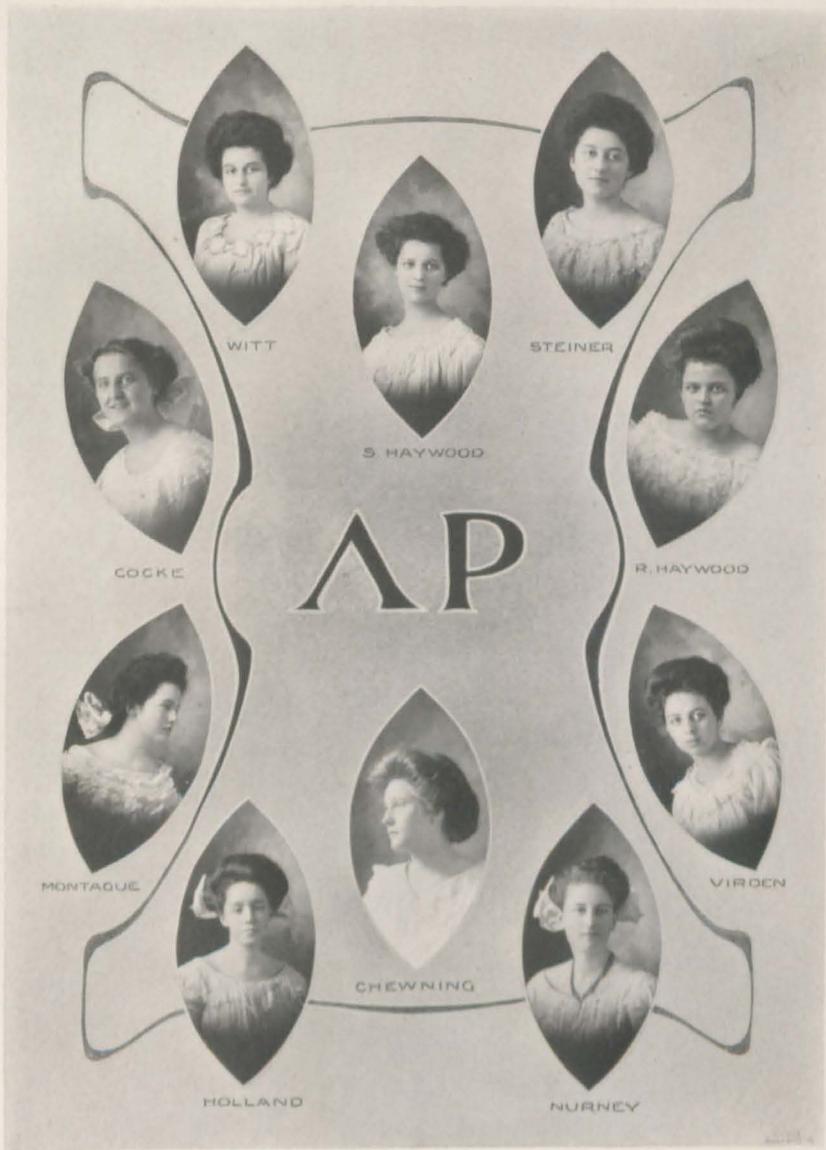
Black and White

Flower

Violet

Sorores

- MARGARET CHEWNING..... Richmond, Virginia
JEANIE HAYWARD COCKE Roanoke, Virginia
HELEN KENLEY Wilmington, North Carolina
ROSE PLEASANTS HAYWARD New Orleans, Louisiana
MARY SULLY HAYWARD New Orleans, Louisiana
BESSIE HOLLAND..... Suffolk, Virginia
MATILDA GAY MONTAGUE Richmond, Virginia
GERTRUDE OBERHOLTZER.... Phoenixville, Pennsylvania
THERESE NURNEY..... Suffolk, Virginia
HELEN CAMP STEINER..... Montgomery, Alabama
LULU STEDMAN VIRDEN Montgomery, Alabama
ELLEN CASKIE WITT..... Richmond, Virginia





200

Kappa Delta

Organized 1895. Chartered 1902

ALPHA CHAPTER	Farmville, Virginia
GAMMA CHAPTER	Hollins, Virginia
THETA CHAPTER	Lynchburg, Virginia
SIGMA CHAPTER	Washington, D. C.
PHI DELTA CHAPTER	St. Mary's School
PHI PSI CHAPTER	Washington, D. C.
ZETA CHAPTER	Tuscaloosa, Florida
KAPPA ALPHA CHAPTER	Tallahassee, Florida
PHI OMEGA PHI CHAPTER	Marion, Alabama
DELTA CHAPTER	Columbia, South Carolina

Sorores

Gamma Chapter

MARGARET APPERSON	Virginia
MAMIE JENNINGS	Virginia
LALAGE MAE OATES	North Carolina
REBECCA SEDDON PORTER	Tennessee
WILLELLA ELEY RAINER	Alabama
MARGARET SMITH	North Carolina
FLORENCE WEATHERLY	Alabama









Phi Mu

ORGANIZED 1852—CHARTERED 1903

Alpha Chapter	Macon, Georgia
Beta Chapter	Hollins, Virginia
Gamma Chapter	Salem College, North Carolina
Delta Chapter	Tulane University, Louisiana (Sophie Newcomb)
Epsilon Chapter	St. Mary's School, North Carolina
Zeta Chapter	Washington, D. C.
Eta Chapter	Mexico, Missouri
Theta Chapter	St. Mary's, Long Island

SORORES

Beta Chapter

Margaret Lee Myers	Virginia
Myrtle Elizabeth True	Tennessee
Grace Walthew West	Virginia
Hallie Edmiston Moore	New York
Kathlene Land Mathews	Virginia
Rubie Rae Smith	Virginia

HONORARY MEMBER

Miss Mary Williamson



ΣΣΣ

Sigma Sigma Sigma

Established 1897. Chartered 1903

ALPHA CHAPTER	Farmville, Virginia
BETA CHAPTER	Lewisburg, West Virginia
GAMMA CHAPTER	Lynchburg, Virginia
DELTA CHAPTER	Nashville, Tennessee
EPSILON CHAPTER	Hollins, Virginia
ETA CHAPTER	Searcy, Arkansas
ALPHA DELTA CHAPTER	Georgetown, Texas
THETA CHAPTER	Frederick, Maryland
HAMPTON ALUMNÆ CHAPTER	Hampton, Virginia
LEWISBURG ALUMNÆ CHAPTER	Lewisburg, West Virginia

Sorores

Epsilon Chapter

LILA CHARLOTTE MACDONALD.....	Ohio
NANNIE SUDDUTH.....	West Virginia
JUANITA JOHNSTON	Indian Territory
MARGUERITE TALBOTT.....	West Virginia





Dexter Phala

CHI SIGMA

ESTABLISHED 1902

SORORES

NAOMI ANTOINETTE ATWATER
CLARE SHIRLEY DENMAN
MARGUERITE FRANK
MARGARET LOUISE HALL
EDNA BARBARA HOHENSTATT
ELLEN STUART MILLS
CLAUDIA CLEMMENS WOOD
EUDORA WOOLFORK RAMSAY





MAY DAY 1906





MAY DAY 1906



Founder's Day

ON the twenty-first of last February, Founder's Day was inaugurated at Hollins. Although the college year is filled with public events of college interest, this new celebration has clearly a first and peculiar importance. At all colleges Founder's Day is marked by public-spirited enthusiasm, and the celebration this year on Mr. Charles L. Cocke's birthday refreshed and called forth a fine sense of unity and college spirit in the student body. No one who was at Hollins on that day and witnessed the splendid energy with which the events of the day went forward, can doubt that the celebration will be annually perpetuated.

It is fitting, then, to glance at some of the features of this anniversary, and to note the significance of the day to Hollins. The first move was to decorate the buildings, for, on this day of all days, even the College halls

must take on a festive appearance in honor of him whose birthday we celebrated. The entire afternoon before Founder's Day was spent in tying cedar, making wreaths and adorning Hollins in holiday garb, so that by six o'clock the whole aspect of the place was changed. The morning of Founder's Day, too, was chiefly given to decorating, for the dormitories must be made ready for the afternoon reception. When the big bell pealed forth at two o'clock, the visiting began, and until five o'clock the lawns and corridors buzzed with voices. From door to door the visitors went, first in the main building, then west, then east, and not a room on the place was without its guests. One of the most interesting features of the day was the toasts at the close of dinner. These tributes from those who knew Charles L. Cocke and loved him did more than anything else to hold up before us his life and his ideals. No act of ours can re-dedicate Hollins to intellectual honesty, and moral integrity, and to the development of a type of gracious womanhood; Mr. Cocke's life-work has done this; but by turning again and again to his aims and ideals, we may be strengthened to uphold the standards he set for Hollins.

On Founder's Day the motto was "For Hollins," and good fellowship was the atmosphere in which we worked. Every citizen in College was eager to make the celebration beautiful and fitting. Self was left in the background, and each girl worked for Hollins. There was a common purpose in all and through this one aim, the Hollins girls were drawn more closely together. A love for Hollins increased the feeling of fellowship.

Yet is this the real meaning of Founder's Day? Is the object simply to make the girls know each other better and to love Hollins more? Though the social phases of the day do this incidentally, the main purpose is, to do honor to him who was to Hollins "creator, builder, guide." Yet it is not only because he is our Mr. Cocke and because we love him that we wish to honor his memory; but also because he did a great service, something worthy to be celebrated. The Institution which he founded and cherished during a long lifetime, he endowed with a vital force of character and intellectual purpose, thus leaving a growing power for good in our land; and it is for this reason that we celebrate with just pride the birthday of Charles L. Cocke.

Few of the present Hollins girls ever knew Mr. Cocke, yet which of us has not a picture of him in her mind and heart? His noble face looks down upon us from a full length canvas in one of the public rooms of the

Institute and his searching gaze still seems to pierce beneath the surface to the very heart of things. To the Hollins girl, he appears a "tower which stood four-square to all the winds that blew," not baffled by contrary currents of opinion. Walking the simple path of duty, he found the way to glory. So we have "our loyal passion" for our Founder, and revere him, giving "eternal honor to his name."

If Founder's Day should ever come to be a day of mere show, its real purpose and meaning would be lost. It is not probable that this could ever happen, for nothing is more sincere than this attempt of the Hollins girls to show their love and honor for Mr. Cocke. Although they do it in a festive way, their purpose is none the less true, and may the time never come when, in ceremony and a show of beauty, we shall forget to honor the ideals of the Founder of our College. The personal element is everywhere evident at Hollins. Where any change is contemplated in the school, the first thing to be considered is what Mr. Cocke's desire would have been. Would he have approved? What would he have done? These are the questions that continually come up. Thus the work is still carried on according to his plans and his influence is still felt. Though he, himself, is not here, his personality still pervades the entire school. The work to which he gave his life and love is still going on. No monument of stone has been erected in honor of his service to the women of our land, but a more enduring monument is found in the hearts of the hundreds of Hollins girls, whose love still flows unto their "Alma Mater, their country, and their God."

MARY OWEN BARKSDALE.



WHEN THE MIST LIFTED

Fev'rish, I lay awake the long night through,
While in my restless brain dark mem'ries grew;
A gloomy mist had blown in from the sea,
Far down the coast the weary fog-horn blew.

And when the chill mist turned from black to gray,
I wandered forth to fright my thoughts away;
And on a rocky headland by the sea,
I stood alone, to watch the dawning day.

Dark waters dashed the rocks beneath my feet;
The caverns echoed to the hollow beat;
And in the deep-toned rushing of the waves
I heard a chant of voices, sad and sweet.

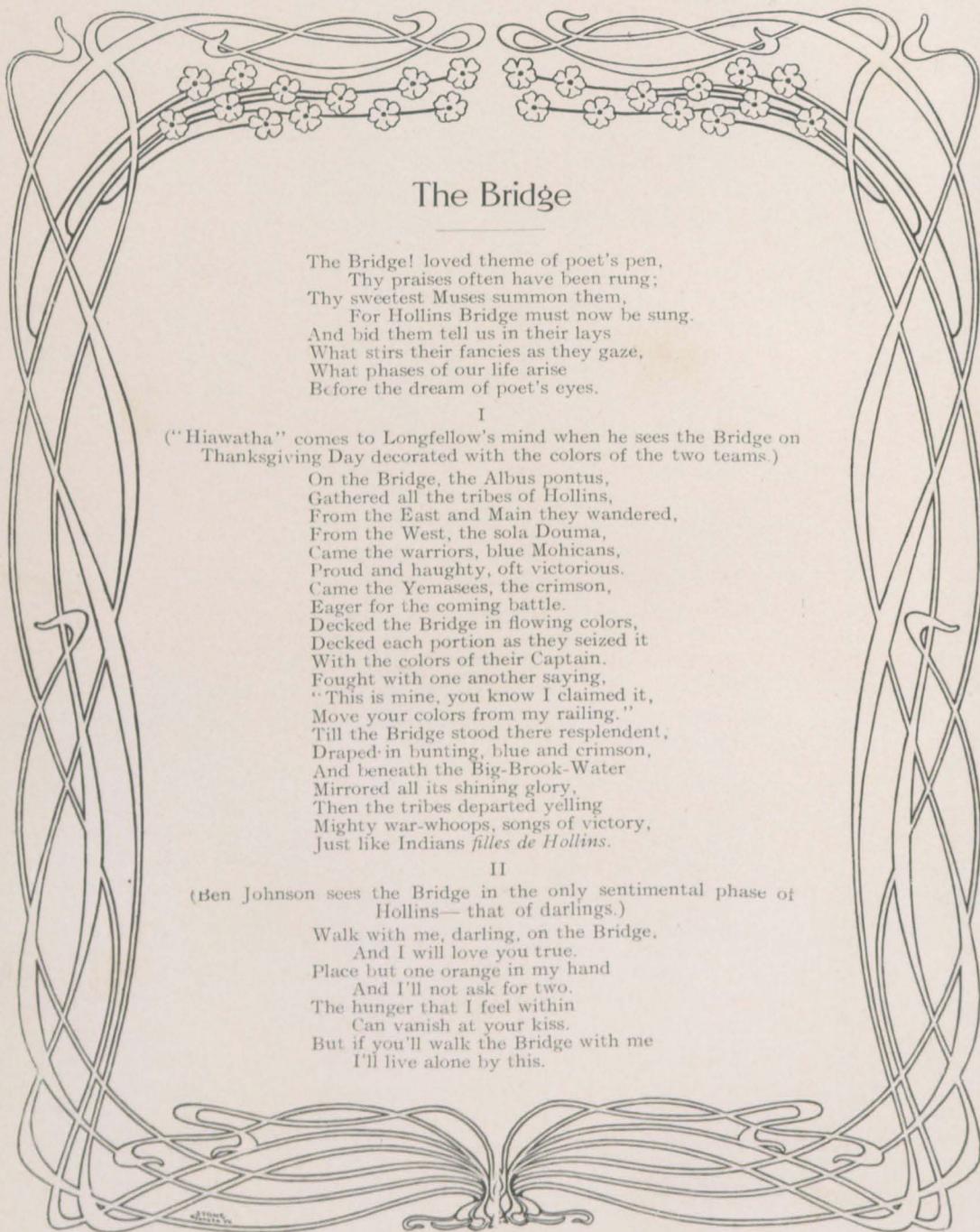
Pink tinged the fog's dim curtain, then, and lo,
I watched the color deepen, spread, and grow;
The shimm'ring crimson seemed to wrap me 'round,
And all the air was vibrant with its glow.

A golden shaft broke through the ruddy mist,
Each ripple with a fleeting sun-beam kissed;
It brushed the shadows from the somber sea,
The radiant sun had come to keep his tryst.

Far to the sky-line all the mist had flown,
The vast sea rolled to distances unknown;
The golden light was streaming through the sky
And still I stood upon the cliffs, alone.

And as I stood, all dazed, within the light,
Out from my mind fled all the dreams of night;
And like the sun, a Peace within my soul,
Put the dark fog of memories to flight.

PHOEBE HUNTER.



The Bridge

The Bridge! loved theme of poet's pen,
Thy praises often have been rung;
Thy sweetest Muses summon them,
For Hollins Bridge must now be sung.
And bid them tell us in their lays
What stirs their fancies as they gaze,
What phases of our life arise
Before the dream of poet's eyes.

I

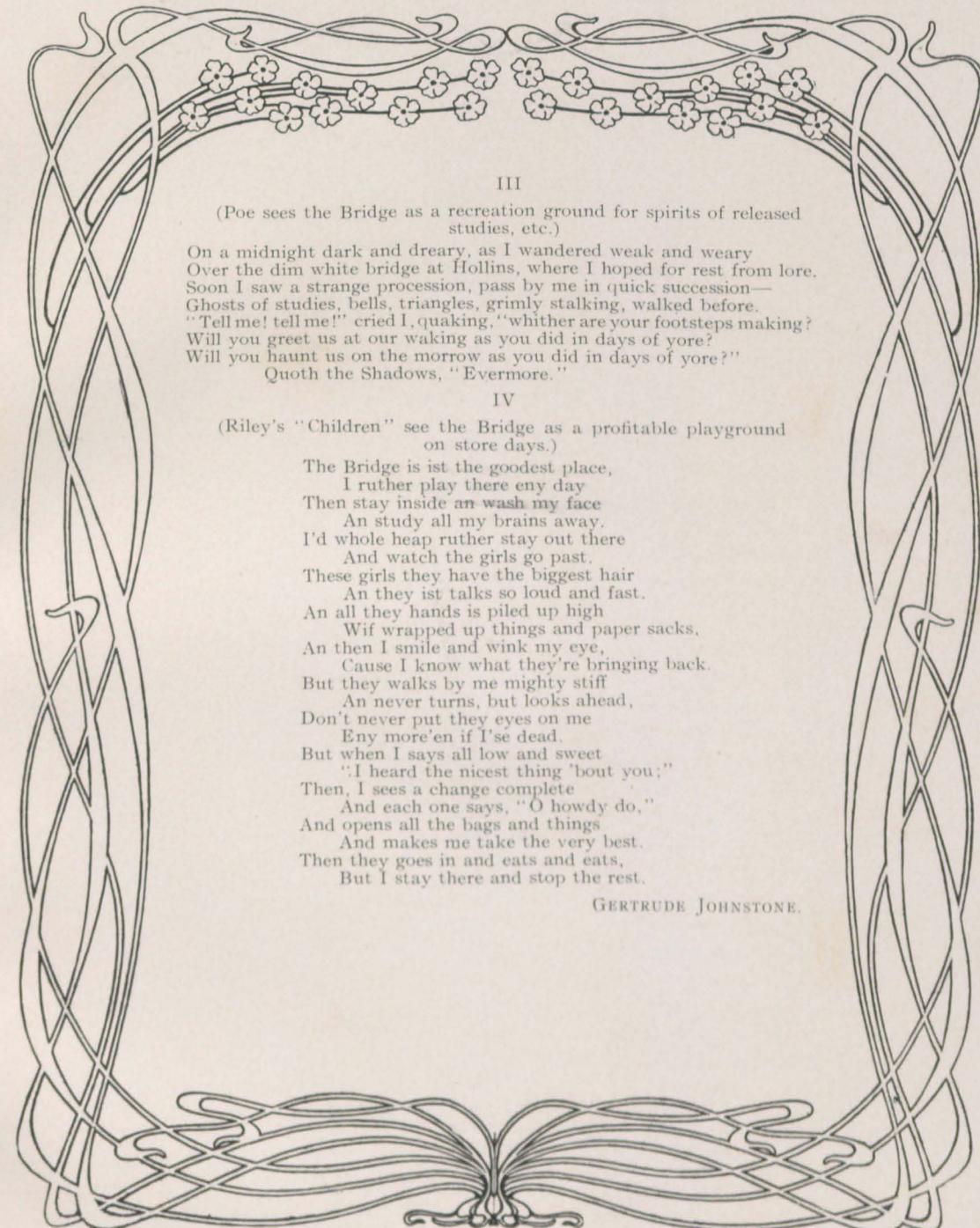
(“Hiawatha” comes to Longfellow’s mind when he sees the Bridge on Thanksgiving Day decorated with the colors of the two teams.)

On the Bridge, the Albus pontus,
Gathered all the tribes of Hollins,
From the East and Main they wandered,
From the West, the sola Douma,
Came the warriors, blue Mohicans,
Proud and haughty, oft victorious.
Came the Yemasees, the crimson,
Eager for the coming battle.
Decked the Bridge in flowing colors,
Decked each portion as they seized it
With the colors of their Captain.
Fought with one another saying,
“This is mine, you know I claimed it,
Move your colors from my railing.”
Till the Bridge stood there resplendent,
Draped in bunting, blue and crimson,
And beneath the Big-Brook-Water
Mirrored all its shining glory,
Then the tribes departed yelling
Mighty war-whoops, songs of victory,
Just like Indians *filles de Hollins*.

II

(Ben Johnson sees the Bridge in the only sentimental phase of Hollins—that of darlings.)

Walk with me, darling, on the Bridge,
And I will love you true.
Place but one orange in my hand
And I'll not ask for two.
The hunger that I feel within
Can vanish at your kiss.
But if you'll walk the Bridge with me
I'll live alone by this.



III

(Poe sees the Bridge as a recreation ground for spirits of released studies, etc.)

On a midnight dark and dreary, as I wandered weak and weary
Over the dim white bridge at Hollins, where I hoped for rest from lore.
Soon I saw a strange procession, pass by me in quick succession—
Ghosts of studies, bells, triangles, grimly stalking, walked before.
“Tell me! tell me!” cried I, quaking, “whither are your footsteps making?
Will you greet us at our waking as you did in days of yore?
Will you haunt us on the morrow as you did in days of yore?”
Quoth the Shadows, “Evermore.”

IV

(Riley’s “Children” see the Bridge as a profitable playground on store days.)

The Bridge is ist the goodest place,
I ruther play there eny day
Then stay inside an wash my face
An study all my brains away.
I'd whole heap ruther stay out there
And watch the girls go past.
These girls they have the biggest hair
An they ist talks so loud and fast.
An all they hands is piled up high
Wif wrapped up things and paper sacks,
An then I smile and wink my eye,
Cause I know what they're bringing back.
But they walks by me mighty stiff
An never turns, but looks ahead,
Don't never put they eyes on me
Eny more'en if I'se dead.
But when I says all low and sweet
“I heard the nicest thing 'bout you;”
Then, I sees a change complete
And each one says, “O howdy do,”
And opens all the bags and things
And makes me take the very best.
Then they goes in and eats and eats,
But I stay there and stop the rest.

GERTRUDE JOHNSTONE.

A Midnight Tragedy

Cast of Characters

THREE WITCHES
LADY MACBETH Miss M. F. P.

TIME—Saturday, almost midnight.

SCENE—A student's room. Covered couch with cushions left of stage. Door right. Walls hung with posters, pennants, and very little pictures, suspended from moulding by long, heavy wires. Rules posted in conspicuous places. Table heaped with books and papers, center of stage. Polly Plodder seated at table. She wears kimona and has hair hanging loose. Room dark except for light over transom, and candle on table.

Polly (rising and stretching):

This College has a pleasant seat; girt round
By noble mountains, "so peaceful, so secluded, so far from worldly strife,"

It lures us to it.

But in our sojourn here what cares may come

To mar the even tenor of our days.

Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!"

For Math does murder sleep, the innocent sleep,

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care;

Yet here even sleep is marred by horrid dreams.

The fears of flunks in Latin, German, French,

And tall, pale phantoms of the Popes that were

"Landmarks in History."

(The lights go out in the hall.)

Polly (advancing to front of stage):

'Tis now a very witching time of night

When teachers sleep, and feasters creep about.

(Knock at door.)

Who comes there?

(Enter Priscilla and Pattie, wearing kimonas. Pattie's hair in long plaits. Priscilla's in magic curlers.)

Priscilla: Thrice hath Berta Bettie mewed.

Pattie: Thrice hath Miss M-ll-r knocked upon our door
To bid us talk no more.

Polly: Thrice has the watchman of the night
Upon my casement thrown his light.

All: 'T is time, 't is time.

(They light chafing-dish.)

TABLEAU—Witches around cauldron.

Polly: Round about the cauldron go,
In the milk and ground cheese throw.

All: Double, double, toil and trouble,
Flame burn, rarebit bubble.

Pattie: Add butter, Worcester sauce,
From table stol'n without remorse.

All: Double, double, toil and trouble,
Flame burn, rarebit bubble.

Priscilla: Uneeda biscuit, crisp and warm,
So spread the finished rarebit on.

(They spread rarebit on crackers and begin to eat.)

Priscilla: If we should be discovered!

Pattie: Prithee peace, wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the sweetest joys of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would"?

(Knock at door.)

Polly: Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

Priscilla (trying to hide under couch):

Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!

(Enter Lady Macbeth, robed in gray, with taper, thunder and lightning.)

Lady Macbeth (pulling Priscilla from under couch):

Out, my dear, out I say!

What shall I do? Demerit them?

All the demerits in Hollins will not wipe out this stain

From the fair name of Hollins, thus "trailed in the dust."
Here we have *so few rules*
That you should keep them all;
And when you have the whole long week to eat in,
Why should you feast on Sunday morning?

All (highly shocked): To eat in Lent! Nay, that would be a sin.

Lady Macbeth: Come away,

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once. On Monday morning
Within the awful precincts of my office
We will talk more of this. Meanwhile know
That e'en if by hard toil you raise your marks
To eighty-seven and a half per cent.,
Your chance of gold reports is marred forever
By this night's work.

(Exit, dragging Pattie by plaits, *Priscilla by magic curlers.*)

Polly: I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the *dignity* of
the whole body.

A. C. D.



